

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## DRAWN BLANK.

THE passionate grief beside the dying bed ;  
The passionate longing for the vanished bliss ;

The passionate yearning for the glory fled ;  
Of each we ask : " Can life bear worse than this ? "

Aye — answer weary lips and tired eyes,  
To violent sorrows, solace Nature grants ;  
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,  
Are all its empty blanks — its hopeless wants.

When vivid lightnings flame and thunders crash,  
When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to storm,

We see the beacons by the lurid flash,  
The tossing spray-clouds glittering rainbows form ;

But when below the sullen drip of rain,  
The waters sob along the hollow shore,  
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,  
The dull waves gleam to living light once more.

When time saps slowly strength and hope away,

And the black gulf yawns by the lonely path,  
When the dumb night creeps on the empty day,

And the one clue of all is held by death ;  
Look not to faded joy or lingering love,  
To wake the powers youth and faith had given,

Take patiently the lot we all must prove,  
Till the great bar swings back and shows us Heaven.

All The Year Round.

## THE AUTUMN MESSAGE.

SHE gathered the dark-blue violets  
That hid 'neath their dewy leaves,  
And gave to the sighing autumn winds  
The fragrance of April eves.

She chose the pale pure rosebud  
That drooped its pensive head,  
Where the great birch swung above it,  
All russet, and gold, and red,

She sought for the fragile beauty,  
That grows 'neath the hothouse panes,  
Whose blossom, although it withers,  
Forever its scent retains.

She whispered a word to the flowers,  
And softly their leaves caressed,  
And she sent them to carry her message,  
To him whom she loved the best.

All The Year Round.

## ALBANO.

THE lake lies calm in its mountain crown,  
And the twilight star shows clear,  
And large and solemn it gazes down  
In the mirror of the mere.

Was it here they rowed in their crazy craft,  
Where only the ripples are, —  
The strange Lake-folk of the floating raft ?  
Was it yesterday ? said the star.

And the mountains slept, and the nights fell still,

And the thousand years rolled by.  
Was there once a city on yon low hill,  
With its towers along the sky,  
And the cries of the war-din of long ago  
Waileed over the waters far ?

There is no stone left for a man to know  
Since yesterday, said the star.

And the mountains sleep and the ripples wake,

And again a thousand years,  
And the tents of battle are by the lake,  
And the gleam of the horseman's spears ;  
They bend their brows with a fierce surmise  
On the lights in the plain afar,  
And the battle-hunger is in their eyes.  
Was it yesterday ? said the star.

And a thousand years, — and the lake is still,

And the star beams large and white,  
The burial chant rolls down the hill,  
Where they bury the monk at night ;  
The mountains sleep and the ripples lave  
The shore where the pine woods are,  
And there's little change but another grave  
Since yesterday, said the star.

Spectator.

RENNELL RODD.

## CONTRASTS.

## I.

BLYTHE winds that sing along the lea,  
White clouds in airy fleeces curl'd,  
Fresh reaches of a sapphire sea,  
A sound of laughter thro' the world.

A pair of lovers in a lane,  
A coy coquetting with a ring.  
A gleam of sun. A scud of rain.  
A day in spring,

## II.

Rough blasts that roar across the wold,  
Chill mists on mountain-summits spread,  
Black branches naked to the cold,  
The river frozen in its bed.

A grey head either side the fire,  
Dim eyes that watch each crackling splinter,  
A snowy roof. A snowy spire.  
A day in winter.

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

Longman's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS AND  
CHRISTIANITY.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, at the conclusion of his "Science of Ethics," a work to which I desire to pay my sincere though tardy homage,\* admits, with his usual candor, that one great difficulty remains not only unsolved but insoluble. "There is," he says, "no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness. I cannot prove that it is always prudent to act rightly or that it is always happiest to be virtuous." In another passage he avows that in accepting the altruist theory he accepts, as inseparable from it, the conclusion that "the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness;" and he compares the attempt to establish an absolute coincidence to an attempt to square the circle or discover perpetual motion. In another passage he puts the same thing in a concrete form. "The virtuous men," he says, "may be the very salt of the earth, and yet the discharge of a function socially necessary may involve their own misery." "A great moral and religious teacher," he adds, "has often been a martyr, and we are certainly not entitled to assume either that he was a fool for his pains or on the other hand that the highest conceivable degree of virtue can make martyrdom agreeable." We may doubt, in his opinion, whether it answers to be a moral hero. "In a gross society, where the temperate man is an object of ridicule and necessarily cut off from participation in the ordinary pleasures of life, he may find his moral squeamishness conducive to misery; the just and honorable man is made miserable in a corrupt society where the social combinations are simply bands of thieves, and his high spirit only awakens hatred; and the

benevolent is tortured in proportion to the strength of his sympathies in a society where they meet with no return, and where he has to witness cruelty triumphant and mercy ridiculed as weakness." So that not only are men exposed to misery by reason of their superiority, but "every reformer who breaks with the world, though for the world's good, must naturally expect much pain and must be often tempted to think that peace and harmony are worth buying, even at the price of condoning evil." "Be good if you would be happy" seems to be the verdict even of worldly prudence; but it adds, in an emphatic aside, 'Be not too good.' Of a moral hero it is said, that "it may be true both that a less honorable man would have had a happier life, and that a temporary fall below the highest strain of heroism would have secured for him a greater chance of happiness." Had he given way, "he might have made the discovery — not a very rare one — that remorse is among the passions most easily lived down." Mr. Stephen fully recognizes the existence of men "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratification, and incapable of really enjoying any of the pleasures which imply public spirit, or private affection, or vivid imagination;" and he confesses that with regard to such men the moralist has no leverage whatever. The physician has leverage; so has the policeman; but it is possible, as Mr. Stephen would probably admit, to indulge not only covetousness but lust at great cost to others without injury to your own health, and without falling into the clutches of the law.

The inference which I (though not Mr. Stephen) should draw from these frank avowals is that it is impossible to construct a rule for individual conduct, or for the direction of life, by mere inspection of the phenomena of evolution without some conception of the estate and destiny of man. In what hands are we — in those of a father, in those of a power indifferent to the welfare of humanity, or in those of a blind fate — is a question which, let the devotees of physical science in the intoxicating rush of physical discovery say or imagine what they will, must surely

\* The bulk of the book consists of moral analysis which is almost equally valuable on any hypothesis as to the basis of ethics. With regard to this part, I would only venture to suggest that a distinction should be drawn between the love of speculative truth and practical veracity. Practical veracity is a part of justice. The duty of telling a man the truth is measured by his right to be told it. He has no right to be told it when it would light him to crime. He has a right not to be told it when it would kill him with grief. Martyrdom implies a divine revelation or something equivalent to it: it is loyalty to God.

have the most practical and abiding, as well as the highest, interest for man. The ship of life is not, nor is it likely ever to be made, so comfortable that the passengers will be content to float along in it without asking for what port they are bound. It is true that in the ordinary actions of life we do not think definitely of the end of our being: we eat that we may live, we work that we may eat, we sleep that we may be refreshed and go forth again to our labor until the evening; we do what the pressure of domestic or social necessity requires, and avoid breaking our heads against the wall. China and Japan, in short, exist. But there are extraordinary actions in which we must think of the end of our being, and stake happiness on the truth of our conception of it; we must think of it in those moments of reflection to which man is liable though apes are not; and our view of it will determine our aim in the promotion of character and in the general disposition of our lives; while in disaster and bereavement, especially when we lay in the grave those whom we have loved, we can hardly help asking whether we ought to sorrow as those who have no comfort except the conservation of matter. In extraordinary actions the thought will be present to the mind of all of us: it will be habitually present to the minds of extraordinary men, those men upon whose efforts human progress most depends. Mr. Stephen founds everything upon the social tissue: that phrase is, one might almost say, the sum of his philosophy. Taken metaphorically it is a very good phrase, and conveys most important truth. Taken literally, I cannot help thinking, it conveys, mixed with the truth, a serious error. A tissue is not made up of personalities; no cell of a tissue ever retires into itself, conceives in mental solitude high designs, or deliberately sets itself against the other cells in the cause of a grand tissue reform. Can a single great benefactor of our race be named who was not upheld in his struggle with difficulties by a belief in something beyond sense and the domain of what is called science, whether he did or did not belong to any church or profess

any definite creed? Comte, if he was a great benefactor, had his religion, and the language of his disciples is spiritual in the highest degree. Napoleon, no doubt, tells us that he deliberately excluded from his mind all thoughts about God or a hereafter, and that had he not done this he could not have achieved great things. Of the great things which he unquestionably did achieve his Agnosticism was not less unquestionably the condition. But of the great things which the Antonines and other Roman Stoics achieved, the condition was unquestionably the constant presence of the thoughts which Napoleon excluded. It was not a definite religious belief, but it was a belief in a power of righteousness and in a moral end of our being.

Can the question of our destiny be prevented from forcing itself upon our minds? If it cannot, is it possible, without a satisfactory solution of that question, to attain the happiness to which it must be the aim of any science or system concerned with human action to light mankind? A beast may graze happily from day to day, because, so far as we can see, it has no idea of death. But man has an idea of death, and one which must grow more vivid and importunate as he draws nearer to the bourne. A captive may be in high health both of body and mind, and well fed, but he can hardly be called happy if he knows that in a few days he will be hanged. It is childish to bid us forget that which is always impending over us and is ever before our eyes; that for which, in the conduct of our worldly affairs, we must always be making provision. Can a man when he buries his wife or child shut out of his mind the idea of death? Even the enjoyments in which the thought of annihilation is to be drowned, the more intellectual they become, bring, mingled with their sweetness, more of the bitterness which springs from a sense of perishableness and imperfection, so that the advance of civilization is likely itself to defeat the counsels of the philosophy which bids us fix our minds on life and not on death. The highest of our joys is affection; and the more intense affection becomes the more bitter

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will be the reflection that, if this world is all, love must die.

A pure altruist might face all difficulties with his feet firmly planted on the altruistic theory. But is it possible to believe in the existence of pure altruism, that sort of altruism which alone can render martyrdom reasonable, as Mr. Stephen affirms it to be? Can my pleasure ever be really your pleasure, or my pain your pain? Is not this as impossible as that my thoughts or emotions should be yours? Social pleasure, of course, we can understand; a Christmas dinner-party is a familiar instance of it; but while all the members of the party contribute to the sum of enjoyment and the cheerfulness is reciprocal, the pleasure of each member is as much his own and not that of any other member as is the pleasure of an Alexander Selkirk eating his solitary meal on the desert island. The same theory is true conversely of social pains. Yet heroic self-sacrifice can surely be reconciled with reason only by showing that the happiness, to save which the hero gives his life, is in some way actually his own. If the notion that self-sacrifice pays is a tribal illusion, though the illusion may be useful to the tribe, it clearly cannot be too soon dispelled so far as regards the personal interest of those who have any propensity to self-sacrifice. It is perfectly true that Christianity is egoistic. The Christian is bidden to lose his life, but only that he may save it. The self which he sacrifices is the lower and transitory self, and he sacrifices it to the higher and more permanent. Paul merely uses a rhetorical hyperbole when he says that he is willing to be accursed for the sake of his brethren. It is true that Christianity points to a union in Christ which would ultimately, as it were, remove the barrier of individuality and make happiness actually common. This may be a dream, as it certainly is a mystery; the Agnostics would of course say that it was the wildest of dreams; but it is, at all events, a different thing from altruism, and not liable to the same objection.

For the religious hope as a motive power and a justification of self-sacrifice some evolutionists substitute the hope of

a social Utopia, which is to be the goal of progress. If the coming of the Utopia could be certainly predicted, this would still be cold comfort to the shades of the myriads who have lived and died, and are now living and dying, in a state very far from Utopian. But Mr. Stephen is too wary to build on anything of the kind. "Speculations," he says, "about the future of society are rash." "We cannot tell that progress will be indefinite; it seems rather that science points to a time at which all life upon the planet must become extinct; and the social organism may, according to the familiar analogy, have its natural old age and death." Besides, "Progress means a stage of evolution; evolution from the earliest to the latest stages means a continuous process of adjustment, which is always determined by the fact that at any existing stage the adjustment is imperfect; complete equilibrium or an elimination of this discordant element would therefore mean, not perhaps stagnation, but a cessation of progress, an attainment of the highest arc of the curve, after which we could only expect descent." Professor Clifford distinctly looked forward to a catastrophe in which man and all his works would perish. So does Mr. Herbert Spencer. Progress under his mechanical law must end in the equilibration of death. He thinks that we ought to feel a religious or quasi-religious satisfaction in working with the power manifested throughout evolution, since that power is working towards the highest form of life. But supposing this to be true and certainly known to us, the highest form of life will be produced only to be thrown back, by the reversal of the machine, into primordial chaos. When differentiation and heterogeneity are complete the return to homogeneity will begin. Instead of joyfully co-operating in the process, our moral nature rebels against it, and would like, if it had the power, to arrest this ruthless gnome in the middle of his fell sport, when he is just about to destroy that which he has brought into existence at the expense of so much labor and suffering to beings gratuitously made sentient and conscious when nothing but a mechanical result was in view. Who

would endure pain and labor, who would give up his dinner, merely to increase the expensiveness of the final crash? Surely any man not extremely scientific, when he reads all this about arcs and curves and descents, and moving equilibriums and equilibrations, must profoundly feel, if he cannot distinctly prove, that it belongs to mechanics, not to morals or to any account of a universe of which morality is an essential portion.

The bearing of these mechanical theories of the universe upon ethics seems not to be fully seen by their authors, who are apt, when treating of morality, to lay them aside or to accord them only a faint and almost nominal recognition. They must govern the character of human actions as they govern everything else; and the character of an action will be fundamentally determined by its relation to the mechanical process and the stage of that process in which it happens to occur. If it occurs when the movement is towards heterogeneity, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the heterogeneous, if in the other part, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the homogeneous. During the ascent of the curve an upward direction will be moral; but a downward direction will be moral when the highest arc of the curve has been passed. Opposite characteristics, and those the most essential, will be at different epochs in unison with the working of the power which is manifested throughout evolution, and to co-operate with which, Mr. Spencer tells us, is our bliss. In the downhill stage of evolution, that action will be the best which most conduces to the dissolution of society. From this conclusion I see no escape: and when we add to it the doctrine of necessity, under the new name of determinism, the principle of morality will surely become difficult of expression to ordinary minds. That evolution is non-moral some of its bold German hierophants at all events do, to use Bacon's quaint phrase, "ingenuously and without fig-leaves confess." But evolution is in the contemplation of Agnostic science the supreme power of the universe, or at least the sole manifestation of that power. What footing then, at bottom, has morality? May it not be destined to disappear before the advancing light of science, like animism and other superstitions? May not those prove to be right who, with Dr. Van Buren Denslow, say that the commandment against stealing or lying is the law of the "top dog" and nothing more?

When the belief that evolution is all, and that evolution brings forth only to destroy in the end, has thoroughly penetrated the human mind, will not the result be a moral chaos? We are still living in the twilight of religion, and the grim features of evolution are not yet distinctly seen.\*

A mechanical theory of the universe, if accepted, would settle the question of free will. Mr. Stephen's exact position on that question I should find it rather difficult to state; but I venture to differ from him if he thinks it possible to set the controversy aside as one that has been threshed out and is practically of no importance. It lies, on the contrary, as appears to me, at the very root of the matter. If "free" means arbitrary, fortuitous, or unconnected with disposition and circumstance, let the epithet be dropped, provided it is understood that volition is essentially different from mere inclination, however produced, and that it implies a power of choice; a real power of choice, and not merely the absence of one particular kind of coercion, such as forcible pressure from without. Let the doctrine be called necessitarianism or let it be called by any deodorizing name you will, if the fact is that a man's actions are absolutely determined, like the

\* In the *Contemporary Review* of March, 1882, Mr. Herbert Spencer replied to my article "On the Basis of Morality," which appeared in the preceding number. But instead of answering me on the broad issue, he preferred to pick out from my article a sentence in which he thought I could be shown to have misrepresented him, and to ask his readers to draw general inferences of a convenient kind with regard to my trustworthiness as a critic. The sentence on which he fixed was this: "An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle, and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his (Mr. Spencer's) definitions or form parts of his system than does the religious sanction." I am here giving my own view of the fundamental character of his system, not in the way of denunciation but of description; and I use the terms in their obvious sense and in relation not to anything merely provisional, but to the ultimate basis of ethics. If this is borne in mind I shall be acquitted of any misrepresentation. Mr. Spencer may recognize an authoritative conscience, the religious sanction and the rest, in a peculiar sense, as provisional phases of opinion, and think that he has furnished substitutes for them in his system. As a substitute for the religious sanction he tenders the design of the Power manifested throughout evolution; but I am not bound to accept the exchange. He asks, with uplifted hands, to what conclusion such a system as I describe would lead. To the conclusion, I answer, that the best example of an absolutely right action is a woman giving suck to a child, which, as I said before, seems to involve no more morality than the suckling of a calf by a cow. It is needless, I trust, to protest that to impugn a man's theory of ethics is not to impugn his virtue; at all events I guarded thoroughly in my article against any such inference. If Mr. Spencer fancies that I am one of his orthodox persecutors, supposing such enemies of truth and beneficence to exist, he was never more mistaken in his life. I am no more orthodox than he is, though I should think it scarcely worthy of philosophy to court sympathy by ostentation of the heterodoxy which happens to be just now in vogue.

occurrences of the physical world, like the rising of a jet of water or the falling of a stone, by causes which operated before he came into existence, responsibility is an idle name and the symbol of a departing illusion. Actions will still be beneficial or noxious to society; but a poisonous gas is noxious without being responsible. Consciousness itself apparently becomes a mere futility, so that the pessimist will be warranted in treating it as a cruel aberration on the part of nature, who might just as well have carried on her development without causing all this gratuitous pain. Even personality becomes very difficult to conceive when a man is reduced to a complex phenomenon and his action to the working of a general law. That the value of an action is proportioned to the degree in which the action indicates character is true, in so far as the character is self-formed, but this of course brings us back to the point from which we started. Mr. Stephen is, to my apprehension, not quite clear upon this head. "Undoubtedly," he says, "every man is always forming his own character: every act tends to generate a habit or to modify character, and consciously to form character is an act like any other, and subject to the conditions already stated." Is it the *man* or the *act* that forms the character? If the act, is the act done by the man, or through the man by a supreme force of which the man's nature and everything that emanates from it are mere manifestations? Is there anything original in action, or is there nothing? Again I find myself a little puzzled by such words as these: "A man's *character* is in all cases the product of all the influences to which he has been subject from his infancy acting upon his previously existing *character*" (p. 402, American edition). Elsewhere, character seems to be identified with the "innate qualities," upon which hypothesis, and supposing the merit and demerit of actions, to consist in their being manifestations of character, the two most responsible of all conceivable beings would apparently be an angel created without a capability of doing wrong, and a devil created without a capability of doing right. To tell me that any being is responsible for that which he could not possibly have helped, inasmuch as it was ordained by irresistible power long before his birth, is to put a heavier strain on my faculty of holding contradictory propositions together than is put on it by any paradox in the Athanasian creed. Why all this perplexity and mystification? Why

cannot we accept as a philosophic or scientific truth that verdict of our consciousness which we assume to be a practical truth in all our dealings with each other, in every reflection upon ourselves, in the whole course and conduct of our lives? Why is a verdict of consciousness less trustworthy than a verdict of sense? Upon what can a verdict of sense rest, if consciousness, to which the verdict of sense must first be delivered, is deceptive? "It may, perhaps, justly be concluded that since the whole process of action, through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so" — is not this reasoning as good as *Cogito ergo sum*? How can we say that in the nature of things it was impossible that after physical causation, from which our ideas are taken, there should come into existence another kind of causation, such, perhaps, as we have no language accurately to define, but of a nature consistent with our consciousness of free will? Mr. Stephen seems to assume that nothing can be which is inconsistent with the "universal postulate" of evolution. But surely this is to turn evolution from an observed fact, or series of facts, into a dogma just as arbitrary as any which theology has framed respecting the nature and counsels of the Deity. Evolution, after all, like gravitation, is merely a formal law: it may describe correctly, but it can explain nothing: it postulates as the cause of movement a power which is assumed to work consistently, but of which it can give no account, and to the operations of which, therefore, it can set no rational limit. If the idea of real volition is an illusion, whence, let me ask once more, did the illusion arise? How came the automaton automatically to fancy itself free, and again automatically to conclude that it was an automaton? There must be a curious power in the human intellect, at all events, of rising above and surveying that to which it is all the time itself subject. Jonathan Edwards, to whom Mr. Stephen refers, reduced his own reasonings, as I have said before, to an absurdity, as he is himself half conscious, by making God the responsible author of moral evil; and if his followers really believed in his conclusions they would give up self-improvement and cease to preach or pray. His philosophical fallacy consists in the unqualified translation to the moral sphere of ideas and language belonging to physical causation. His

view has never been acted upon for a single moment by any human being.

In Mill's autobiography there is a passage which vividly presents this question in its practical aspect, and shows that it is not a mere metaphysical puzzle:—

During the latter returns of my dejection, the doctrine of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances: as if my character and that of all others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our power. I often said to myself, what a relief it would be if I could disbelieve the doctrine of the formation of character by circumstances; and remembering the wish of Fox respecting the doctrine of resistance to governments, that it might never be forgotten by kings nor remembered by subjects, I said that it would be a blessing if the doctrine of Necessity could be believed by all *quoad* the characters of others, and disbelieved in regard to their own. I pondered painfully on the subject till gradually I saw light through it. I perceived that the word Necessity, as a name for the doctrine of Cause and Effect, applied to human action carried with it a misleading association, and that this association was the operative force in the depressing and paralyzing influence which I had experienced. I saw that, though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances, and what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine of Free Will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing. All this was entirely consistent with the doctrine of Circumstances, or, rather, was that doctrine itself properly understood. From that time I drew, in my own mind, a clear distinction between the doctrine of Circumstances and Fatalism, discarding altogether the misleading word, Necessity. The theory, which I now for the first time rightly apprehended, ceased altogether to be discouraging. And besides the relief to my spirits, I no longer suffered under the burden, so heavy to one who aims at being a reformer in opinions, of thinking one doctrine true and the contrary doctrine morally beneficial. The train of thought which had extricated me from this dilemma, seemed to me, in after years, fitted to render a similar service to others; and it now forms the chapter on Liberty and Necessity in the concluding book of my System of Logic.

Surely it is clear that the extrication was really effected, not by the change of names or the metaphysical legerdemain, but by the dispersion of moral shadows and the reviving sense of liberty. "Desires" cannot shape circumstances, though will may.

Without real will there can be practically and to common apprehension no such thing as effort. Mr. Stephen's view on this subject, like his view on the subject of free will, I shrink from attempting to condense. It can be safely gathered only from his own pages; to send readers to which may be, perhaps, the best effect of this paper. Though he does not directly traverse, I apprehend he distinctly excludes, the opinion that effort is an essential part of human virtue, and that the highest thing of which we can conceive is excellence of character produced by overcoming evil. He would see no special value in the character which Socrates, according to his own account, had formed by victoriously battling against the naturally bad disposition betrayed by his uncomely face. That effort is in itself desirable, nobody has affirmed; much less has anybody affirmed that it is the end. This would be an ascetic doctrine indeed. Humanity struggles and stumbles towards perfection, hoping that in perfection it may rest. But effort is the law of the world and clearly a part of the plan, if plan there be. Does not Mr. Stephen himself imply as much when he says that "the whole race is perpetually, even when unconsciously, *laboring* at the production of the most vigorous type?" It might have been better to create at once infallible excellence, but this has not been done; and so foreign is the idea to our experience, that when we try to depict a seraph, the result is merely insipidity with wings. "A man," says Mr. Stephen, "who felt no disposition whatever to commit any sin, would so far be absolutely perfect, and such a character is attributed by Christians to a divine man." "Christ," he adds, "was not the less perfect if he never felt the least velleity to do wrong; on the contrary, such a character represents the unattainable moral ideal." It is perplexing in ethical discussion to be called upon to deal with the ecclesiastical conception of Christ, and I am not going to maintain the "sweet reasonableness" of the Athanasian Creed; but the history of Christ's life given in the Gospels distinctly implies resistance to temptation, and however victorious the resistance, temptation implies liability to fall. If this world is merely a state of existence, it is a fearful failure, even in comparison with the works of man, who economizes material and tries to spare labor and avoid inflicting pain. If it is a theatre of action and a school of preparation for something higher, its imperfections may be capable of explanation; and



supposing the eye of Supreme Equity to look on all, the parable of the talents may be true, and the effort to be good may, for some reason beyond our ken, be more valuable than goodness without effort. In the highest of human characters there is probably as much effort as in the lowest; the lowest may be struggling to keep out of the pit, the highest is striving to realize an ideal.

To realize by effort a moral ideal embodied in the character of Christ has been since his coming the avowed object, and in no small degree the real endeavor of the whole progressive portion of humanity. The established belief has been that the ideal was perfect; that in proportion as it was realized, human nature, individually and collectively, would be raised and made like that of the Author of our being; that the world would thus at last become the kingdom of God, and that the spiritual society so formed would survive the physical catastrophe of the planet. This belief, so far as it extended and was operative, has hitherto been the practical basis of Christian ethics, and whether true or false, has furnished a definite rule and aim for the lives, personal and social, of those who held it. It includes, from its very nature, an assurance that man, whose form the ideal took, is the crowning product of creation, and will not be superseded on earth by another order of beings, of which no assurance apparently is offered by evolutionary science. Granting that there is a plan in the world, as the most thoroughgoing Positivists and enemies of theology will be found, in spite of themselves, and perhaps with doubtful warranty, so far as their philosophy is concerned, to assume, there seems nothing inherently absurd in the supposition that this is the plan. Mr. Stephen recognizes the existence of types, which in another point of view are ideals; there have been many of them, such as the heroic type embodied in Achilles, which probably had great influence on character in Greece; that of the Platonic Socrates; the great-souled man of Aristotle's ethics; the bastard Christian type of Rousseauism: and no one can doubt that, apart from any analytic appreciation of their qualities, they have moved admiration, love, and imitation, or that this is a peculiar and important force in the moral sphere. Not all perhaps who think that they have renounced faith in the ideal have really done so. The Positivist worships humanity. What is humanity? Is it an abstraction? I must say again that

I would rather worship a stone idol, which at least has real existence. Is it an aggregate? Then it includes the wicked. Is it an induction? Then it will be incomplete till the scene of history is closed. I believe that it is an ideal, and I declare that I fail to see how it differs from the ideal of the Christian.

In ontology I confess that, like Mr. Stephen, I find little comfort; and what I do find is unphilosophic and unproductive in discussion. My understanding also yields implicit assent to the array of arguments by which it is proved that with our limited capacities we should in vain attempt to comprehend the incomprehensible. But there is surely nothing extravagant or manifestly beyond the range of human faculties in scanning our own nature or the circumstances of the dispensation under which we live, to discover the design of the being who has placed us here. That there is a design, I repeat, almost every one, however rigorously scientific, asserts or implies. Mr. Stephen speaks of nature as "wanting" a particular type of man. He is careful to add that nature is "a personification for things considered as part of a continuous system;" yet if she "wants" she is a female deity, and her want is the plan. Mr. Spencer assumes, though he does not prove, that the power manifested through evolution is seeking to produce the highest form of life, the term "highest" plainly assuming an ideal. They all, in short, would apparently "find it easier to believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." One great evolutionist is inclined to endow the primordial atoms with intelligence, and to insinuate that the universe is the product of a pan-atomic council. There is nothing, therefore, ridiculous or unsanctioned by high authorities in believing that the universal frame is not without meaning; or in trying to find out by inspection what it means. But if we look to the physical dispensation and the lot of man as a part of it, perplexity and despondency fill our minds. Design there is, certainly, in us, who are a part of nature, and if we may reason from analogy, in nature at large; at least there is far-off and complex preparation for things to come, as in the case of the pre-natal provisions for life, which irresistibly raises in us a sense of design. But there is also undesign, there is abortion, there is failure, there is waste, there is wreckage on a fearful scale, not only of brute material,

but of material that bleeds and groans. If there are signs of beneficence, there are terrible signs also of cruelty. If there is beauty, it is mated with hideousness and loathsomeness. "Teeth," says Paley, "were evidently made to eat, not to ache;" but they do ache, as do hearts also; and we should not listen to a watchmaker if he told us that though half his watches stopped they were evidently made not to stop but to go. If the pessimist affirms that the life of man has in it no happiness, plainly he is wrong; if he affirms that, taken alone, it has in it but a tantalizing taste of happiness, that the higher and more intellectual it becomes the greater is our sense of imperfection, that hitherto toil, pain, and misery have preponderated over pleasure, his assertion can hardly be gainsaid. No view of nature, in short, can reconcile power with beneficence, or assure us that we are under the dominion of good, not under the dominion of evil. If a clue is to be found, apparently it must be in history; and on the hypothesis that man is really the crowning work, and that the ruling power of the universe is not mechanical but moral, to which, as to any other hypothesis, we are entitled, it seems as likely that the clue should be found in history as in the pigeon-house. Great physicists neglect history; they call it gossip, and plume themselves, not without justice, on their superior ignorance of the subject; it is, therefore, at all events, a field which they have as yet left unexplored.

I base nothing upon miracle, or upon supernatural evidence of any kind. It is my own belief that the proof of miracle has failed. I set aside all theological dogma respecting the Trinity, the incarnation, the scheme of redemption, and the atonement. I confine my view to the facts of history. The historical importance of the coming of Christ and of the foundation of Christianity has, it seems to me, been overlaid and obscured by the exclusive attention paid to miracle and dogma. Progress, as was said before, is conterminous with Christendom. Outside the pale of Christendom all is stationary; there have been notable outbursts of material wealth and splendor, transient flashes even of intellectual brilliancy, as in the caliphates and the Mogul empire, though the light in these cases was mainly borrowed; real and sustained progress there has been none. Japan, to whatever she may be destined to come, has kindled her new civilization with a coal taken from the Christian hearth. Before Christendom

there was in the world generally nothing but material preparation carried on through a series of empires, each of which in turn yielded to the material law of decay. The exceptions were Judea, Greece, and Rome. Jewish progress terminated in Christendom, to which, when the fullness of time was come, Judaism delivered its principle of life, and having done so itself became typically stationary. Christendom also received and assimilated the parts of Greece and Rome, in each of which progress, though real and brilliant, so far at least as intellect and politics were concerned, was comparatively brief, and carried in it from the first its own moral death-warrant. We are vaguely conscious of this fact, but we do not apprehend it distinctly because we are accustomed to talk in general terms of the progress of mankind, forgetting that the mass of mankind is not progressive, but, on the contrary, clings to and consecrates the past, as in theory and sentiment did even the Greek and the Roman. What makes the fact more notable is that Christ appeared, not in the line of such material, intellectual, or political progress as there was, but out of that line, in a province of the Roman Empire which was materially poor, as the Gospel narrative shows us, intellectually backward, and, as a dependency, devoid of political life.

Philosophers speak of four universal religions, Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Buddhism. There is only one. No religion but Christianity has attempted to preach its gospel to the world. Mahometan or Buddhist missionaries at London or New York! Mahometanism and Buddhism are more than tribal perhaps, but they are far less than universal. Mahometanism is military, as its Koran most plainly avows; in conquest it lives, with conquest it decays: it also practically belongs to the despotic, polygamic and slave-owning East; it has never been the religion of a Western race or of a free and industrial community; by arms it has been propagated or by local influence and contagion, not by missions. Buddhism, if it is really a religion and not merely a quietist philosophy engendered of languor and helpless suffering, is the religion of a climate and a race: its boasted myriads are all enclosed within a ring-fence, and it may have a prospect of becoming universal when an Englishman becomes a Hindoo, while in the heart of its domain Hindoos are becoming Christians. Judaism, after surrendering its universal and spiritual element to Chris-



tendom, fell back into a tribalism, which, as a relapse, is of all tribalisms the narrowest and the worst, being not primitive and natural but self-chosen and obstinately maintained in the face of humanity. Witness the Talmud, that hideous code of antagonism to the spiritual faith of the prophets and the psalmists.\* Witness also the total cessation of the proselytism so rife in that epoch of Judaism when it was verging on the universal.

Wonderful treasures of spiritual lore were supposed to be hidden in the sacred books of the East. Thanks to the University of Oxford and Professor Max Müller, they have now been opened, and after a perusal of the long series, I confess my profane reflection was that there had been no such literary revelation since Monkbarns constrained Hector McIntyre, with much hesitancy, to give him a specimen of an Ossianic lay. Social and legal antiquities of the highest interest doubtless there are in these books; much, too, of the poetry of primitive nature-worship; but of anything spiritual, universal, moral, hardly a trace. "Sinful men are, he who sleeps at sunrise or at sunset, he who has deformed nails or black teeth, he whose younger brother was married first, he who married before his elder brother, the husband of a younger sister married before the elder, the husband of an elder sister whose younger sister was married first, he who extinguishes the sacred fires, and he who forgets the Veda through neglect of the daily recitation." This is about the religious level; much grosser specimens might be cited; and the consecration of caste is the perpetuation of iniquity. There is but one spiritual and universal religion. There is but one religion of which Renan could say, as he says in his passage on the words of Christ at the well, that if there were religion in another planet it could be none other than this.

Let us consider what changes came with Christianity, I do not say suddenly or without previous glimmerings, yet for the first time in a distinct form. Tribalism was abolished and gave place to a brotherhood of men without distinction of race or nation, and to the hope of gathering the whole of mankind into one spiritual com-

munity, the transition being marked by the substitution of baptism for the tribal mark of circumcision. Hope for the future of humanity, the indispensable condition of sustained progress, was proclaimed, whereas the ancient communities, as has often been observed, had looked back hopelessly to a lost paradise of the past, and the Jewish hope, so far as it had a definite existence, was only for a single nation. The things of Cæsar were divided from the things of God, a principle entirely new, or but faintly foreshadowed in the philosophic organizations of Greece, on the immense importance of which Comte has with justice dwelt, since, without it, thought must forever have remained enslaved to political expediency, as it would be under Hobbes's Leviathan, who is not necessarily a despot but any civil power supreme in Church as well as in state. Christianity, too, first asserted the spiritual equality of all men, and of the two sexes. The consequence of the first was the gradual but sure abolition of slavery, the doom of which we read in the Epistle to Philemon. The consequence of the second was the institution, in place of the marital despotism which prevailed in early, or the concubinage which prevailed in later, Rome, of that real union which, without subverting the headship indispensable to the unity of the family, blends two lives into one higher than either, and has been the mainstay of private virtue and of moral civilization from that hour to this. Again, the enunciation of the principle that morality is internal, that the true law is not "Do this," but "Be this," that the commandment ought to be directed not against killing but against hatred, not against adultery but against lust, is recognized by Mr. Stephen as a momentous discovery in morals, and as forming the point at which the moral code first becomes distinctly separated from other codes. "The greatness of Christ," he says, "as a moral teacher was manifested in nothing more than in the clearness with which he gave utterance to this doctrine." "It would be easy," he adds, "to show how profoundly the same doctrine, in various forms, has been bound up with other moral and religious reformations in many ages of the world." In many ages since Christ, no doubt—but in many ages before him? It seems overbold in the face of the fearful violations of freedom of opinion of which many who bore the Christian name have been, and still are, guilty, to say that freedom of opinion came with Christianity; yet it did

\* The presentation of the Talmud by Mr. Deutsch, is, by this time, probably understood to be about equal in genuineness to Mr. Shapira's Deuteronomic Roll. "With the exception of Hillel," says Delitzsch, who is the best of authorities, "all Talmudical teachers whose maxims correspond to the words of the New Testament, are of a far later date than Jesus and the records of Christianity." Hillel manifestly belonged to that element of Judaism which passed into Christendom.

come with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal; it was the principle of the early Christians, nor did it cease to be so, I apprehend, for half a century after the union of the Church with the Empire. It certainly was not the principle of Rome, or of Athens which put to death Socrates. Wherever Gospel Christianity has appeared, it has been the enemy of persecution. The massacre of the Albigenses was the act of papal ambition, from which Christianity suffered in all other respects as well as in this. The hideous crimes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can hardly be said, I believe, to have been mainly perpetrated by religious bigotry, though religious bigotry played its fell part; they were mainly the crimes of political despots and an enormously rich clergy alarmed, and justly alarmed, for their power and wealth by the progress of innovation. I believe it might be shown that, in almost all cases, the persecuting Catholic monarchies were willing to ally themselves for the purposes of their political ambition with heretics and even with infidels. There can be no doubt that, after the recovery of the Gospel at the Reformation, intolerance gradually departed and tolerance returned, though nothing comes or goes with a bound. When a great evolutionist persuades himself, as the late Professor Clifford seems to have done, that the eighteen Christian centuries, with all their progress and productions, have been worse than a blank in the life of humanity, and that history has been a retrogression since the empire of the sword and of slavery as it was under Tiberius, surely we receive a practical warning to be on our guard against the fervor of a new faith which sees facts through a medium of its own.

Is Christianity exhausted? It can hardly be thought so by those who, with too much justice, upbraid Christians for falling short of their moral standard. What says Mr. Herbert Spencer? At the end of his chapter on the reconciliation of egoism with altruism, after launching anathemas against Fifeshire militiamen\* and Jingo bishops for being still in the military stage of their evolution, he says:—

But, though men who profess Christianity

\* It seems that the anathema launched against the militiamen was misdirected, the story of their blood-thirstiness, which Mr. Spencer tells, being as they protest, unfounded. I owe them an apology for having innocently transcribed the story. It was, indeed, not likely that a commanding officer would offer his regiment for active service against whichever her Majesty chose of two powers, with both of which her Majesty was at peace.

and practise Paganism can feel no sympathy with such a view (as his own), there are some, classed as antagonists to the current creed, who may not think it absurd to believe that a rationalized version of its ethical principles will eventually be acted upon.

It is not easy to see how the ethical principles of the current creed can be so rationalized as to separate the precepts of Christ from his example; or how, unless this is done, the creed of Calvary can be made to harmonize with a system which pronounces that the absolutely right and good in conduct can be that only which produces pure pleasure, unalloyed with pain anywhere, and that conduct with any concomitant of pain, or any painful consequence, is partially wrong, so that the highest claim which can be made for it is that it is the least wrong possible under the conditions, the relatively right. However, what Mr. Spencer has written, he has written. The fundamental principles of morality were enunciated by an unscientific peasant of Galilee, who died upon the cross eighteen centuries ago. Is not this almost enough to make one doubt whether morality is a science?

A scientific hypothesis is verified by comparison with facts. A moral ideal is verified by practical experience individual and social. Each inquirer must judge for himself whether the characters and lives of the best Christians, those who have most distinctly formed themselves on the Gospel model, the state of the communities in which the ethical mode of the Gospel has most prevailed, and the general advance of society under the influence of Christianity, have not been such as to render it credible that the Christian ideal is the true ideal; that it fits the facts and meets the requirements of man's estate; that the attempt to realize it is the right line of progress for us individually and for mankind at large. This is the main question, the question by the answer to which it must be determined whether we shall adhere to Christianity or look for some other guide of our moral life. It will be noticed that Mr. Spencer, in denouncing the shortcomings of Christians, incidentally contrasts Christianity with paganism in a manner which implies that there is an ethical difference of a radical kind between them to the advantage of Christianity.

Is the Christian ideal anti-scientific? Why should it be so? What is there in it opposed to the love of any kind of truth? Is not its self-devotion favorable, on the contrary, to earnest and conscien-

tious investigation, and has not this appeared in the characters of eminent discoverers? In monotheism there can be nothing at variance with the conception or with the study of general law. Mr. Spencer tenders us an equivalent for the divine will, the will of the power manifested throughout evolution, and it can make no difference to the scientific inquirer which of the two equivalents is chosen so long as observation is free. That belief in miracle has practically interfered with the formation of the scientific habit of mind, and thus retarded the progress of science, is true; though it need not have done anything of the kind, inasmuch as miracle, instead of denying, assumes the general law, and Newton was a firm believer in miracle: but the moral ideal is a thing apart from miracle. In the only prayer dictated by Christ, the physical petition implies no more than that the course of nature to which we owe our daily bread is sustained by God, as sustained by some power it must be. Prayer for spiritual help, however irrational it may be deemed, cannot possibly interfere with physical investigation. That the character of Christ should be scientific was of course impossible; so it is that the characters of Christians who lived before science or remote from it should be scientific; but surely there are enough men who are scientific and at the same time believers in the Christian ideal to repel the assumption of an inherent antagonism. Any objection grounded on the theory that morality is a science and could arrive only in due course when the other sciences had been evolved, is met by the fact virtually admitted in the words quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is met so far as the principles of morality and the ideal of character are concerned; ethical analysis is a different affair, and could become possible only under intellectual conditions which were not fulfilled in Galilee, including a knowledge of physiology in its bearing on moral character.

Is the Christian ideal ascetic and therefore opposed to sound good sense and morality? Asceticism is treated more philosophically by Mr. Stephen than by those who can see in it nothing but devil-worship. Fakirism is devil-worship, and it spread from the Ganges to the Nile, where it produced Simeon Stylites and the self-torturing monks of the Thebaid. But asceticism, as was said before, is not devil-worship or self-torture, it is severe self-training; its aim is to give the higher part of our nature ascendancy over

the lower parts; it pursues that object irrationally, and runs into extravagance; but we must judge it with reference to the days before hygiene, and before those other influences, social and intellectual, which sustain the reasonable temperance of highly civilized men. We shall then, perhaps, find that it won for us a victory which entitles it to our gratitude. We must consider too, the authority which it gave the missionary with barbarians, who were the slaves of their lusts. No one can question the services rendered to civilization by western monasticism, among other things in giving shelter to gentleness during the iron times. It may be doubted, however, whether the ideal presented in the Gospels is really ascetic. The career begins with a wedding feast and ends with a Paschal supper. Christ seems to mix in the social life and share the meals of the people. He is called by his enemies a glutton and a winebibber. His abstinence from food in the wilderness is not a feat of fasting, as in the life of an ascetic it would have been, but a suspension of hunger. His homelessness and his poverty are simply those of a missionary; he could not teach except by wandering; there is nothing about him of the begging friar. He is unmarried, but no merit is made of his celibacy. Yet he was in contact with the asceticism of the Essenes. The austerity of John the Baptist is not self-torture, but a preaching of repentance by signs.

"Nature," says Mr. Stephen, "wants big, strong, hearty, eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings, and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest reward of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder, and robbery, or an utter absence of malice, or even highly cultivated sympathies." There is no reason why a saint should be scrofulous or knock-kneed; bilious, if his diet is spare, he is pretty sure not to be; and we know that he may be long-lived and intellectually prolific. But if what nature wanted was the set of qualities here enumerated, why did she not rest content when she had got it? In the museum at Oxford are some of the bones of a Saurian which must have been so large as absolutely to dwarf any creature now on earth. Here were bigness, strength, heartiness, eupepsia in perfection; here too were practical shrewdness and sense enough to make the best of physical existence; nay, the monster may

be said to have reached the height of Positive philosophy, for he was a real Agnostic, which hardly any human being is, and had never lapsed into theism. Nature can hardly have attached paramount importance to the human form, so long as the essential qualities were produced. Why, I ask again, did she not rest content? Why did she retrograde to a weaker type, to say nothing of invalids like Alfred, Pascal, and William the Third? After all, while we heartily recognize the advantages of soundness in mind and body, and the duty—the moral and religious duty—of cultivating it, is there much hope of attaining universal perfection in this line? Will not minds especially be always required to sacrifice something of their balance to the division of labor in a complex society? Will poets ever be thoroughly practical or pinmakers very large-minded? But poet and pinmaker alike may aspire to the Christian ideal, and to anything which the realization of that ideal brings along with it.

Steeped in sadness the character of Christ is, though, as I conceive, it is not ascetic; and the life ends in an agony. Accepted that ideal cannot be by any philosophy which makes pleasure and pain the unconditional tests of conduct. Yet this does not prove that the Christian ideal affords no clue to the enigma of our being. When Origen and Butler tell us, by way of apology for a revealed religion, that the same difficulties which we find in Revelation are found in nature also, the answer is that Revelation came to clear up the difficulties of nature. But an ideal in unison with a world of suffering is not to be at once pronounced on that account false or a failure, provided it brings with it the secret of turning suffering ultimately into happiness and triumphing at last over evil. Evil is a mystery as inscrutable as being itself. We can only say that apart from a struggle with it and a triumph over it we have no conception of human excellence.

Is the Christian ideal anti-economical? Strict economists like the late Mr. Greg seem to be repelled from it on this ground. No missionary can be commercial; but Xavier and Heber did not oppose commerce. It is said that in the Gospel poverty is blessed and wealth is cursed. But is poverty blessed apart from lowliness of mind? Is wealth cursed apart from selfishness and insolence, which in these times were its general concomitants? for the sense of the duties of property and of what the rich owe the poor had really

their origin in Christianity. Is any blessing pronounced on indolence or mendicancy? What has been the practical result? The practical result has been the wealth of Christendom, a wealth both far greater and far better distributed than any wealth elsewhere. And whence has this wealth come but from honest industry, which the Gospel preaches and to which Paul was so loyal that instead of taking that to which he had a right as a missionary, he chose to live by the work of his hands? We forget to how large an extent the world outside Christendom always has been and still is predatory, counting conquest, and conquest for the purpose of sheer plunder, not only lawful but most glorious, while of Christendom honest industry is the principle, and though the lust of conquest is but imperfectly subdued, the motive is now hardly ever sheer plunder. The substitution of free labor for slavery was another grand source of increased wealth as well as of increased happiness; and this, I repeat, it is impossible not to ascribe in a large measure to Christianity. How otherwise can we account for the fact that nowhere outside Christendom has slavery been condemned? Temperance and simplicity of life, which are certainly taught by Christianity, lead to frugality and saving, which again increase wealth. To those who seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness first, the other things are, as the Gospel says, added. The communism of the early Church was not, like that of the present day, a communism of public robbery. It was a voluntary communism of fraternity and of missionary zeal: it distinctly recognized property, telling Ananias that his field, while he chose to keep it, was his own. Allowance must be made for Eastern hyperbole and for the strong language of reform; but is it not true that it is hard for a rich man, especially for one who has not earned his riches by labor, to enter into the kingdom of Heaven? Does not wealth tempt with pleasures which make the heart gross and stifle high aims and pure affections? Has not heroic patriotism been less often found in those who had a great stake in the country than in the poor? If Christ had preached that riches were stable and that our affections might safely anchor on them, would he not have preached untruth? To provide for the morrow, it is not necessary to be vexed with care about it. To gain riches, in the way of fair and regular industry, it is not necessary to set your heart upon them. There are men



who have put forth great energy, made large fortunes, won high place, yet would resign all with hardly a murmur, retaining their Christian hope. The spiritual life is an inner life which a man may live to himself, and which in that sense takes him out of the world, yet leaves him free to play his part in the world and to play it with the best effect.

Is the Christian ideal opposed to political effort and improvement? No life could be political in a dependency of the Roman Empire, and it has been shown a hundred times that there was no political significance in Paul's submission to Nero. But, as in the case of slavery and other social questions, so in politics; the change began inwardly in the hearts of men and worked outwardly to institutions. We have seen the opposite course adopted on a large scale by the French Jacobins, and we can compare the results of the two methods. In both of the two movements to which British liberty owes its existence, that of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth, there was a moral and religious as well as a political element; of the second, the moral and religious element was the strongest part. What was valuable in the politics of Greece and Rome Christendom has absorbed, together, perhaps, with some things of doubtful value. Saving Greece and Rome, there has been no political life outside Christendom, because nowhere outside Christendom has there been a real sense of community, hope for the future of humanity or the conviction that institutions were made for man, not man for institutions. "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good," is a maxim which would hardly have a practical meaning for any but a Christian ear, or the ear of one trained up in the notions and sentiments of Christianity: it has its source in the doctrine that we are members one of another. Constantine was not a religious convert: he was a statesman who, seeing that the best citizenship, the real political life and force, were in the sect, vainly persecuted, of the Nazarene, embraced the manifest destiny of the Empire. It has been asked why the Empire was not regenerated by Christianity. For Rome, which was not a nation or the centre of a nation but merely an imperial and predatory city subsisting on the tribute of a conquered world, no regeneration was possible or to be desired: the only thing

which could be done for Rome was to turn it from a military into a religious centre, and send forth the eagles of the Christian missions to conquer the barbarians. To Constantinople, which was the centre of a nation, or at least of a people united territorially and by language, was given a new life of eleven centuries; a life was given to it which has remained inextinguishable through four centuries of Turkish conquest, and is again kindling into Hellenic nationality. If the early Christians shunned military service, it was because they shrank from the paganism of the camp religion, perhaps also, and not without reason, from camp life. With regard to all the relations of Christianity with paganism, including what seem and to some extent are persecutions of the pagans, it must be borne in mind that paganism was not a creed, though Julian tried to spin a creed out of it, but a set of practices embracing groves of Venus, orgies, and gladiatorial shows. The Council of Arles threatened deserters with excommunication. Certainly there have been truly Christian soldiers, though not truly Christian lovers of war; and they have done their duty none the worse for knowing that war would be extinguished if Christianity prevailed.

Again, it seems to be felt in some quarters that there is an antagonism between Christianity and art. If there were, it would be an objection to Christianity, the compass of which would thereby be shown to be less than the full circle of humanity. Beauty is an essential part of the dispensation, and one on which it is cheering to dwell, inasmuch as it seems to indicate tenderness in the Author of our being, while humor, perhaps, which also falls within the scope of art, but to which moral philosophy has paid little attention, indicates indulgence and condescension to human weakness. But is beauty alien to the Gospel? How comes the Gospel to have furnished subjects for so many masterpieces? Sculpture, other than monumental, may have suffered by Christian aversion to worship of the flesh and nudity; but with regard to painting and music as well as with regard to poetry, has not Christianity been rather the soul of art than its enemy? Did the passion for art ever show itself so strong as when, in an age poor in science and mechanical appliances, above a city almost of hovels uprose the Christian cathedral? That the love of hospital pathos did mischief, æsthetic as well as moral, is true, but it

was the offspring of monkery, not of Christianity. In the most glorious works of ancient art, and those of which the execution is most transcendent, such as the works of Phidias, is there a depth of sentiment comparable to that which is found in the works of Christian artists? If art is itself a religion demanding exclusive devotion, there will be a contest for the throne. If it is only an instrument of expression there can be no opposition, supposing that the ideas which it wishes to express are only clean and healthy; and if they are not, the antagonism will be with the purity and welfare of society, not with the Christian ideal alone.

Since its appearance the ideal has passed under many successive clouds of human opinion, from which there was no supernatural intervention to save it. It has passed under the cloud of legend, which among a primitive people in an uncritical age was sure to gather round the figure of a great teacher; of Alexandrian theosophy; of ecclesiasticism, and of sacerdotalism begotten by pagan contagion; of popery; of monasticism; of scholasticism; of Protestant sectarianism and the dogmatism which was left in existence and perhaps in some respects intensified by an imperfect Reformation. It has passed also under clouds of political influence, such as Byzantine imperialism, feudalism, Spanish and Bourbon despotism, and has been obscured and distorted in transit. Yet it has always emerged again, and even in passing it has filled the cloud with light. Compare the Christian legend with the legend of any other religion; compare the dogmatism of the Nicene creed with the dogmatism of the Zendavest, the Koran, or the Talmud. Even Jesuitism had a Xavier.

The Christian ideal has just been subjected to a test, which in its unsparing application at all events is new — the test of ridicule. Before me lies a "Comic Life of Jesus," one of the publications of the atheist Propaganda in France, which I bought at an anti-clerical book-shop in Paris. The writer, inspired by the iconoclastic fury of his sect, has done his utmost, and has been aided throughout by the engraver. I will venture to say that any man of common taste and feeling, however hostile to Christianity he might be, would pronounce the book, as satire, a disgusting failure, a brutal and pointless outrage, not so much on Christ as on humanity. It is the yell of a baffled fiend.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE TWO GODFATHERS.

"By wonder first, and then by passion moved,  
They came; they saw; they marvelled; and they  
loved."

PRIOR.

It was plain by the whole look of End-hill that the expected guests had arrived, when Lady Matilda and her brother rode in at the gate.

The gate stood open; that of itself showed that Robert was not about. Fresh wheel-marks were visible along the muddy lane without, and the wheels had sunk into the gravel of the little drive, while an unmistakable station-fly stood in the stable-yard.

Robert had not met his friends, for which omission he was doubtless at the present moment lading out excuses and apologies; but the friends were there, and that was everything.

Lady Matilda hopped off her horse like a bird, full of glee at thus, by her smartness, depriving her son-in-law of the felicity of offering his solemn, useless assistance; and she had run into the house, and opened the drawing-room door, before any one could make a ceremony of the matter. Teddy had followed, as in duty bound, close at his sister's heels, and there stood the two — the happy, naughty, provoking two, — there they stood, as pleased as possible, Lady Matilda's hat awry, and a splash of mud on Teddy's cheek, — just as Robert was turning around from the window to announce in his most measured accents, "I think, Lotta, I hear horses. Is your mother likely to be over to-day?"

Sure enough he had heard horses, even though by common consent the horses' hoofs had been kept to the softest side of the drive, and muffled, as it were, more and more as the house was neared, — he had heard, as he could not help hearing, when they came round the last corner, and got into the deep gravel at the entrance-door; but as the drawing-room window looked not that way, and as it was, moreover, shut on account of the day being damp, he had fancied himself very quick, and that the riders were yet a good way off, when, behold! they were in the room. How had they got in? How had they made good their entrance without bells ringing, servants flying, bustle and importance? He had not heard a sound of any kind.



"William was in front," explained Lady Matilda, with bright unconcern, "so he took our horses, and we just came in."

Now, was not that like her? She "just came in," — just did what she fancied on the spur of the moment; with no regard to anything or any one; and here he had had no time to tell who or what she was, no chance of making the most of Overton and the best of its people, not even for putting more than that one hasty question ere it was so abruptly and indecorously answered.

Of course Whewell and Challoner looked surprised, — well they might. He supposed that silly feather-headed creature did not care a straw for that, or, more likely, plumed herself upon it as a compliment, without a notion that she had made a mistake, and that she could never now take the place he had meant her to take in his friends' estimation.

Well, it was no use crying over spilt milk; the thing was done, and could not be undone; and, tiresome as it was, it had this in its favor — it showed, and that broadly, upon what easy terms the two families stood. And, to be sure, Lady Matilda was still Lady Matilda, and Teddy, mud and all, was still the Hon. Edward Lessingham; divest themselves as they might of every outward circumstance of rank — trample their dignity under foot and throw propriety to the four winds of heaven, as they habitually did — the brother and sister must still belong to their order, they could not absolutely unfrock themselves.

With a sense of returning peace to his soul, but, nevertheless, with a stifled sigh and inward frown for what might have been had they, oh, had they only been all he would have had them, Mr. Hanwell crossed the room, and confronted the graceless couple. They had not even the sense to see, or at any rate to care — he was by no means sure that the lurking light in Matilda's eye did not mean that she *did* see — how ruthlessly she had upset his programme.

He had meant to send over a note (for in notes he shone) to the effect that his friends had arrived, were to spend a few days at Endhill, as Lord Overton might remember he had told him they were expected to do, and that he would esteem it a favor if they might be granted a day in the covers, provided Lord Overton had made no other shooting arrangements, either for the end of that week or the beginning of the next. Why he could not

have asked before, no mortal knew; probably some vague idea that he might be thrown over by the two mighty men he had chosen, at the last moment, had to do with it, — probably he had ere now thus suffered, since no very strong counter attraction would have been needed to make any one throw over Robert Hanwell; but at any rate he had thought it best to be on the safe side, and to have his birds in his hand before reckoning too securely on them.

But the note was written and ready, and there it lay on the hall table, waiting to be despatched by special bearer, as soon as the anticipated arrival should have actually taken place, and as soon as William could have seen the flyman off the premises. For this cause the dog-cart had not gone to meet the train: the horse — he had but one — was required for William; William was to have ridden to Overton, and so to have timed his arrival there, as to have caught Lord Overton on his return from his daily walk, when it might be counted upon that he would answer at once, and answer favorably. The answer would arrive while dinner was going on at Endhill, and it would be an agreeable diversion to have it brought in, and be able to read it aloud, and give round the invitation which was to prove so welcome.

All of this had not been thought out without care and pains; and it must be conceded that some pity was due to a man who had spent all his leisure moments that day in concocting an elaborate strategic epistle, and had wasted three good sheets of paper over writing it.

The whole arrangement was blasted. He had known it would work well, had hoped so much, and thought so much, and, since leave in general terms had been already granted, had looked forward so much to seeing the matter thus properly and decently brought to a climax, — and now all was undone. By Teddy's look, important and eager, he was too plainly charged with a purpose, and that purpose the dullest could divine; Matilda had obtained the invitation from one brother, and had passed it on to the other to deliver, and the whole patronage and *éclat* of the proceeding was taken out of Robert's hands.

He would not, however, allow himself to be overpowered even by this. "Take the easy-chair, Lady Matilda; Lotta has the sofa, you know; but I believe you like the chair best. What a cold day for you to be out!" (he knew perfectly well that

no cold day ever stopped her;) "really we had hardly expected to see any one from Overton to-day; and the roads are so bad too. You find the fire too much? Lotta, my dear, where is the glass screen? I saw it this moment; oh, behind you; not at all" (to offers of help). — "I can manage it myself perfectly. Don't move, Lady Matilda — pray don't move. Will you have a cushion? A footstool?" Poor man, he did his best for her, and she would not give him any help, not the tiniest atom of help. It was cruel of Matilda. Cushion? Footstool? She sat a yard off the cushion, and with her little foot kicked away the footstool, — kicked it away under his very nose.

"What's all this about, Robert? Get me some tea — there's a good man. Baby well, Lotta?"

At least she asked for the baby: she generally did that, but as likely as not she would never ask to see it; and there she was sitting on the edge of her chair, pulling off her gloves, tipping back her hat, as straight as an arrow, and as bright and pert as a humming-bird — and this was the baby's grandmother.

He stole a glance at his friends. Challoner was still in the window, gazing absently out; it would be hard to say whether he had heard or seen or wondered at anything. Challoner, he now remembered, always had been noted for keeping his feelings to himself; and Whewell, — Lady Matilda was at the moment turning up her face to Whewell, who was standing near, and whom she had recognized without any hesitation at once. She was making a remark about his railway journey down. "You must have come through floods," she said.

"Floods? Yes. Yes — it was very bad — very wet. I mean the whole place was under water," replied the young man, at a momentary loss to remember, when thus called upon, the real state of the case. At least so it seemed; but the truth was this, it was another lapse of memory that was troublesome, he had forgotten Lady Matilda herself, or, to be more exact, he had forgotten, clean forgotten that she was what he now found her. He had had no recollection, no impression of any one of that kind; he had seen her among a number, bright, handsome, gay, and well dressed, — but then, others had been so likewise, and he met pretty women every day in London. It was beholding her thus in the little cottage room, by the side of her homely daughter, it was meeting her thus suddenly and unexpectedly, that

made him stare and stammer. In another minute he was himself again.

For Whewell prided himself above all things on being a man of the world, and he would have despised himself had he not been equal to any occasion, however puzzling. He drew a breath, drew nearer, held a chair, then sat down on it, and in the shortest time possible he and Matilda were in the full flow of chat, without either apparently feeling it in the least necessary to include others in their conversation.

Lotta, who, erewhile in all her glory as hostess, as semi-invalid, or at least convalescent, and at any rate as chief person on the interesting occasion which had brought the two gentlemen down, had been busy with Mr. Whewell, and who had thought they were all very snug and comfortable, and that every one must feel how much nicer it was to be within doors on that dreary afternoon, with a good fire and a prospective tea-tray, than wandering aimlessly about the garden and grounds as Robert had at first proposed, — Lotta, poor thing, now resented, no less than her husband did, the disturbing of all their little elements. She did not care to talk to Uncle Edward (who, indeed, showed no symptoms of any desire to talk to her) and since mamma had usurped Mr. Whewell, there was no one left. Mr. Challoner stuck to his window like a leech, and Robert had returned to him; so, since the other four were thus left, and since mamma and Uncle Edward had chosen to come — it was a pity they had come, but since they had — they ought, at least, to have helped out the visit by making it a sociable general affair. She had been getting on delightfully with Mr. Whewell before the others came, but now he had no chance of saying a word to her. It was not his fault — of course it was not; but mamma would always be first, and she seemed to forget altogether sometimes that she had a grown-up daughter, and a married daughter to boot. Mamma really ought to think of this. It was quite rude to Mr. Whewell taking him up in this way, when she, Lotta, as lady of the house and his friend's wife, ought to have been paying him attention: it looked as if he had bored her before, and he had not bored her in the least. She had liked him very much, and he had talked so nicely, and seemed so interested in all she said, and had asked so much about baby, and shown so evidently that he had been pleased to be godfather, that altogether she had felt they were going to

be great friends: and then mamma came in, and took him away, and he was never able to renew the conversation; but she was sure he had been quite vexed at being so interrupted.

A good deal of this was for Robert's ear afterwards, and a good deal passed through Charlotte's mind at the time; but outwardly, Mrs. Hanwell merely sat up on her sofa, in one of her best dresses, taking care not to ruffle or soil the frills of her sleeves as she poured out the tea with rather a grave face, and an air that betrayed to all that Lotta felt herself out in the cold, and that this, for a young matron with a partial spouse, and an excellent opinion of his judgment as well as her own, was a novel and not entirely pleasing sensation.

Lady Matilda drank her tea, and sent back her cup for more.

The grateful beverage sent up a yet warmer color into her cheek, and she looked her best — her smiling, glowing best, — while poor Lotta, sullen and forlorn, was bereft of all the very small share of outward attractiveness she ever possessed.

It could not pass unnoticed, the contrast. Whewell saw it, even as he held the cup: mean man, he stayed several minutes by Lotta's side, making his peace, as he told himself, with the tea-maker, and this was how his thoughts were employed! — he noted the curious difference between the two, betwixt the placid, dull, expressionless mask now before him, and the brilliant, changeful features to which he was returning. Was it likely he would stay long? Can it be wondered at that all the little bustle over the sugar-basin and the cream-jug could not detain him?

True, he came and went more than once, but it was always on the one lady's errands: he had to bring her bread and butter and cake, as well as to have her cup filled twice; he stood about, he fetched and carried, and he stepped backwards and forwards, but it was always backwards, backwards, his feet took him finally; until at length, the business over, and the last attention paid, he fairly settled himself down by Matilda's side, and neither looked at nor spoke to any one else during the remainder of her stay. It was enough: Lady Matilda saw that she was noticed, more than noticed, and frankly she allowed to herself that it was for this she had come. She knew that she was charming, and sometimes the knowledge was too much for her; it need-

ed a vent; it wanted some one to applaud, admire, and flatter; and, no disrespect to Mr. Frank Whewell, she would, in her then mood, have made eyes at a field scarecrow.

But we must give our readers some idea of Whewell.

From earliest years he had shown the germ of such mental powers as succeed best in life. He had not been a thinking boy; he had not puzzled his masters and tutors, nor set his parents cogitating about his future; but he had made the most of every talent he possessed, and those talents had been not a few. Concentration, grasp, alertness, tact, and fluency of language, all pointed out unmistakably his path in life. He was to go to the bar, and if he went to the bar, there was no doubt in any one's mind that he would do well; he would succeed, rise, and one day rule. So far every favorable prognostication had been fulfilled; nothing had hindered or thwarted a career which seemed to be one continued triumph; and though higher heights were still to be climbed, and greater obstacles yet remained to be overcome, there was no reason why, with ordinary good fortune, he should not go on as he had begun; ambition was his ruling passion, and ambition is an irresistible spur.

But in the little drawing-room at End-hill during the hour that Lady Matilda spent there, Whewell showed himself in another light to what he usually appeared before the world. He liked women, and he liked to be liked by them. Apart from his profession, he liked nothing so well as to talk with them, to listen to their soft replies, to their hopeless arguments, to their sweet laughter. It was a delicious relief to his tired brain to allow itself to be at ease as it were in their presence, to permit himself to ramble over metaphorical hedges and ditches in his talk, avoiding as the very plague the straight, hard road which led direct to the point — that very road he would pursue so relentlessly when wig and gown were on; and it gave him an excusable feeling of satisfaction to perceive that while the latter course prevailed with men, and made him what he was and where he was, the former won for him the golden opinions of the other sex.

Now much of his popularity he put down to his good looks. He valued his handsome face still more than his versatile ability, and therefore the face, or at least Whewell's general appearance, ought to be described. He was getting on to

forty in years, but he had looked forty ever since he was nineteen, and would continue to do so until he was ninety. The boys at school had nicknamed him "grandfather," and by-and-by people would infallibly observe how young he looked, and the same eyes, hair, and mouth would do duty for both observations: he had not changed a feature or gained or lost anything since going to the university. But he was undeniably personable. He had a slight, firm, well-knit figure, raven-black hair, an aquiline nose, a small, well-shaped mouth, a quick turn of the head, and an eye so keenly apprehensive and inquisitive that it seemed at once to take possession of whatever it looked upon.

And of all these good things no one was more aware than Whewell himself.

He thought they gained him female friends, and perhaps in this he was right; but he went still further, and in this he was undoubtedly wrong. It was his fixed idea that no amount of talent would ever make an ugly face palatable to a woman — whereas the truth is that women like, ay and love, ay and worship, ugly faces every day.

Lady Matilda could have told her lively friend as much; but very likely if she had, he would not have believed her. And since the cleverest of us must sometimes be at fault, and since such was the opinion of the sagacious barrister, it will surprise no one to hear that the opinion was shared by the sagacious Teddy.

"Oh, you thought him very good-looking, no doubt," said Teddy, when at length the two took their leave and found themselves on their way home; "very good-looking, and vastly pleasant. I'll be bound you did that. Talking away to him there the whole time, and sitting on till it was so dark that we had to have candles. I was quite ashamed of staying so long. I thought we were never going to get away, and there was Lotta fidgeting and fidgeting, and Robert looking round from the window, — what on earth did you do it for?" he broke off suddenly. "I am sure they didn't want us all that while."

"Did they not? Oh yes, they did; or, at least, they ought if they did not," returned his sister gaily. "I am sure they were deeply in our debt; I am sure they owed to us the whole success of the afternoon. It was a success, don't you think? And imagine what it might have been! Failure is not the word. Think, Teddy, of a whole afternoon, a wet afternoon, an

afternoon hopeless of interruption or variety or anything, with only Robert and Lotta! Picture to yourself that delightful Mr. Whewell —"

"Delightful! nonsense."

"Wrecked upon Lotta, stranded upon Lotta, submerged in Lotta," pursued Matilda merrily. "Lotta, with her eternal talk about cooks and babies, and 'our arrangements for this,' and 'our ideas about that;' Teddy, put yourself in Mr. Whewell's place, and feel for a moment as he felt. They were in the thick of it when we came in; I saw it in the victim's face; and even if his face had been hidden, he would have been betrayed by his hanging head and dejected mien."

"How you *do* talk! 'Hanging head and dejected mien,' what on earth — I saw no hanging head. I am sure he seemed as fit a little cock-sparrow as I have ever seen, jabbering away to you by the yard."

"So he did, — when he had me to jabber to. I rescued him out of the Slough of Despond, and he had the wit to be very tenderly grateful to his deliverer, moreover; and the grace to rate his deliverance at its proper value, or I am mistaken. Come, Master Ted," cried Matilda, in her sauciest tones — "come, sir, don't be sulky. You did your best; you did as well as any could have expected, and as much as in you lay; but you must own that to me — me — me, belongs *la gloire et la victoire*. There. Understand that, eh? I did it all: I enlivened a dull visit, took compassion on an unfortunate stranger, and drew him forth from the very jaws of domesticity. Did I not do well for him? I think I did. I think he was worth it, and that he will feel now that there is some one, even in this benighted spot, on whom he is not altogether thrown away."

"Great cheek if he ever thought anything of the kind." Teddy had had enough of Whewell, and had, moreover, been ill used all through the visit by everybody. "I was quite astonished to see you make yourself so cheap to that fellow," he proceeded severely. "You were so taken up with him, that you had not a word for the other one, and he looked by a long way the better of the two."

"Glad you thought so. But I left him for *you*. You were civil to him, I hope?"

"I? No. How could I? I never had the chance. Robert monopolized him, as you did Whewell. I had nobody."

"Nobody! What are you saying, bad

boy? Do you call your own married niece, in her own house, and at her own tea-table, nobody?"

"She is nobody, all the same. She is the stupidest creature — well, you know what I mean," he broke off and drew in a little, since, after all, Lotta was Matilda's child, — "you know," he added apologetically, "you think so yourself."

"No — no — no. No, Teddy, I never said that. Fie, Teddy! you encroach; you must not say such things; and I would not have any one but me hear you for the world."

"Is it likely I should say it to any one but you?"

"You m—ight. It might slip out. Do be careful."

"Of course I'll be careful: I always am careful; but Lotta is a regular dolt. Except when she was looking at you, she had about as much expression as a Chinese mandarin."

"And when she was looking at me?"

"I say she didn't like Whewell going over to you, you know."

"Did she not?"

"She thought you were poaching on her lands."

"So I was."

"Why did you do it? I should not have done it had I been you."

"You would, had you been me — that is just it. Oh, I had no particular reason for 'doing it,' as you call it; I just had the inclination; I wanted to amuse myself. And then I thought that if I had the one, you could have the other. I could entertain Mr. Whewell, and you Mr. Challoner."

"Robert and Lotta each other?" said Teddy, with a grin.

"Oh, they never do anything for anybody; they are no count. You see I took Mr. Whewell, and if you had done as much for Mr. Challoner there would have been nothing for anybody to complain of."

"By Jove, that *is* hard! when there was I who would have been thankful of any one, stuck down all by myself in a chair by the fire, with yards of carpet in front of me; and there was Challoner, or whatever his name is, away at the far end of the room, with his back to me, mumbling away to Robert, and Robert to him, without stopping once the whole time; and now you speak as if I had — as if it had been my fault!"

"Don't be incoherent, my dear; how am I tell what you mean when you muddle up your sentences in that way? And

there is nothing to excite your wrath either. I merely meant to suggest that probably the luckless Challoner would have preferred your company to Robert's; and after all, that is nothing to take umbrage at."

"Humph," — mollified, however.

"What was he like, Ted?"

"Like? I don't know. I never thought of it. He was like other people, I suppose."

"Like other people? Oh! Not in any way particular?"

"Well, not in any way particular. No, I don't think he was."

"But you must have seen *something*?" urged Matilda. "You, who had nothing else to do, and no one to listen to, and no one to look at —"

"I had. I had you to look at."

"Me!" cried she.

"I was wondering what you did it for, and what you could possibly see in that puppy to make such a work about."

"What did I see? Well, now you ask me that in a friendly way, brother, and not in an acrimonious, carping, backbiting spirit, I will answer you candidly: I don't think I saw very much."

"And yet you talked to no one else?"

"And yet I talked to no one else."

"Come, I am tired of the subject," cried she suddenly; "come, away with it!" — and starting her horse to a canter, nothing further passed of any note between the pair for the time being.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"A PRETTY SCRAPE YOU WILL GET INTO."

"It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion." — BACON.

LADY MATILDA'S sole impression of Challoner had been that of a tall, broad, listless man, leaning against the window-pane in the drawing-room, the while he yielded a sort of pensive half attention to the platitudes of her son-in-law. Whether these had suited him or not, no one could tell. He had not seemed to respond much certainly, but he had listened — presumably, at least, he had listened, — and undeniably he had not turned away. He had stood still where he was, and had let the stream flow over his head, and that in itself was enough. He had not broken loose, shaken off his host, crossed the room, and drawn near to *her*; and this was what he should have done to have found any favor in Matilda's eyes.



A man ought not to be tamely broken on the wheel; he ought, he surely ought to make some sort of struggle with his fate — some desperate resistance, even when resistance is fruitless. But Challoner had shown no fight, even no inclination to fight: he was beneath her notice.

She would not waste pity or sympathy upon one so insensate — would not throw away gentle amenities on one so indiscriminating; while Whewell — Whewell, who had at once bent beneath her sway, and who had shown himself so apt, so responsive, and so appreciative — Whewell should have all her smiles.

Here at least was one who knew how to value the good fortune which had befallen him in that most ill-favored spot, who could appreciate having a Lady Matilda to talk to and to look at, who could discern between her and the inert Lotta and the insufferable Robert. Here was one who could claim a privilege and make the most of an opportunity; and the vain creature colored ominously in front of her glass that evening as she recalled glances and speeches, and the whole little scene at Endhill, — Lotta's prim, prudish attitude, Teddy's impatience, and Whewell's exclusive devotion.

He, Whewell, had had neither eyes nor ears for any one but herself. He had pushed out into the hall by her side when she went, had held her foot and put it in the stirrup as she mounted, and had been the last to go inside as they rode off, standing bareheaded out in the chill November air to watch them down the drive.

She could guess with what reflections he stood there; she could picture to herself, or thought she could, what were his probable sensations and anticipations at the present moment, — how gladly he would have exchanged his quarters had this been possible, and how joyfully he would appear at Overton next day.

"They will not come till dinner-time," she announced to her brothers. "Robert had a dozen unanswerable reasons why they should not dress here, so we are not to expect anybody till eight o'clock. When they have done their worst on our pheasants, they will come and inflict themselves on us. They are all coming, every man-jack of them, as Teddy would say. Robert has engaged for the party generally. By the way, I did not say anything about it to Lotta; but I do not suppose that will signify. She will be quite satisfied if dear Robert has arranged it; and dear Robert has taken it upon himself, after due references and inquiries, to answer in the name

of everybody. One thing is, he will see that they all turn up, and that not one of them is late. They will be here at eight o'clock to the second, if he die in the attempt. Happily it is dark so long before then, that the poor men will not have their sport curtailed by his anxieties, as those others had in partridge time. I did pity them; I knew how it must have been exactly. Woe betide the unfortunate finger that ever steals to the trigger, once Herr Robert has decreed that time is up! He will never forgive that shot, more especially if it kills. Well, perhaps it is a good thing for all our sakes that my son-in-law is no sportsman; but what would I not give to make him unpunctual, even ordinarily, decently unpunctual."

"What do you call being decently unpunctual?" said Overton.

"When a man stands with his watch in his hand, and will have you know the time when you don't want to know it, it's not decent," replied she.

"Was that what happened this afternoon?" inquired her brother, cracking his walnuts, — for the three were sitting cosily together over their dessert, and Matilda, was, as usual, doing most of the conversation.

"No, Mr. Inquisitive, it was not what happened this afternoon," retorted she. "Oh, Overton," her attention diverted, "I do wish I could crack single walnuts in my hand as you do. I can't think how you do it," stretching out a white arm, and screwing up a soft and shapely hand with desperate energy. "I have tried again and again, and I never can — oh!" — with a final and utterly ineffectual wrench.

"You couldn't crush a spider with that!" said Teddy disdainfully. "With that little bit of a wrist you have not any power. There is nothing easier than walnuts," performing the feat again and again. "But I say, Mattie, what made you give the invitation to those people to-day? I thought you told me that I —"

"Of course I did, and you saw I left to you the shooting arrangements; but I had to do something myself; my dear Teddy, Robert's face must have shown you that I had to do something to pacify the storm. We were in the wrong box, you and I; we were dreadful offenders —"

"How?" said Teddy, opening his eyes. "We had come before our time, my friend."

"Had we? But what did that matter? We did it to be civil; we thought it was a friendly thing to do. What should they



come for, then? I'm sure *we* didn't want them."

"Oh, you dear innocent, you don't half know Robert yet. It was all very well our showing attention, hospitality, and so forth; but we, you and I, our two selves in the bodily presence, Ted, *were not wanted*. Can you understand that now? Overton can. He thinks he never is wanted, which is a mistake, on the other hand. If he, now, had found his august way over to Endhill to-day, he would have met with a different reception; but as it was, it was only poor Teddy and Matilda," shaking her head with mock mournfulness, "and they were sadly in the way."

"And what good did the invitation do?" said Overton, intercepting an indignant protest from his brother.

"Oh, it soothed the ruffled feelings in a wonderful way. You see, dear Robert really was sadly put out, though Teddy may not believe it; he had had no time, I fancy, to get out his say, to swell and strut, and spread his plumage as he loves to do, and as he never *can* do whenever any one of us is present; and he and Lotta would fain have had their visitors to themselves for a while, — imagine what a fate for any man, let alone a Londoner and a — Whewell. However, Robert would have liked this, and he did not get it, and we — or rather I — was in disgrace. And —"

"Why you more than I?" burst in Teddy, with a black look.

"I am the lady, you know, and the lady naturally takes the lead. That was all, dear," replied Matilda, with one of her swift transitions from sarcasm to gentleness. "That was what I meant, don't you see?" looking at him to make sure she was saying right. "And besides, you know, Teddy, an invitation from the lady of the house always counts for more than one from any of the gentlemen — even from you, Overton. Now does it not, Overton?" eagerly, her warning voice adding, "Say it does."

"Why, yes. Yes, of course. Every one knows that," said Overton, responding promptly to the whip. "Teddy knows that as well as any one, only he forgot at the moment."

"Oh, yes, of course — of course. A fellow can't be expected to remember things like that," said Teddy, his brow clearing under the combined influence. "I did not think of it, that was all. Go on, Matilda."

"Where was I? Oh, I was telling you

how Robert took my friendly overture. He never suspected, you know, that it was only thought of as we were mounting our horses; he imagined, no doubt, that the idea had been manufactured with all the labor and sorrow and *pros* and *cons* that would have gone to the making had he had a finger in the pie; and actually I did my best to foster this aspect of things. I quite turned our impromptu dinner into an important affair. You should have seen how his grimness relaxed, and how at last a ray of sunshine stole athwart his sad cheekbone."

"Because he was asked *here*?" said Overton incredulously.

"Because they were all asked here; because he was to bring himself, and his Lotta, and his dashing Whewell, and his statuesque Challoner, and to trundle them all along, packed as tight as herrings in a barrel, over the hill to Overton. You look scornful, most sapient brother! Is not the cause sufficient? Oh, you do Robert injustice — you do indeed; he loves of all things to seek your sweet society, and nothing affords him greater pleasure than — we will not say to dine, but to *say that he has dined here*."

"*Here*? Nonsense. There is nothing here to make Robert or any one care to come. We are all very well by ourselves, but for anybody else, there can be no attraction."

"Can there not? Now really, can there not, Overton? Are we no attraction in ourselves, you and Teddy and I?" cried Matilda, with an odd note in her voice. "You are a plain man, Overton, and will return a plain answer to a plain question. Tell me, is there no conceivable attraction here for — for any one, in you, or Teddy, or — or me?"

"None in the least, none whatever," replied Overton promptly, for his thoughts still ran on Robert Hanwell, while hers had flown, as may have been guessed, elsewhere. "Robert wished to marry your girl, and so he chose to come and visit her here, very naturally I suppose," with a twitch of the lip which needed no interpretation. "Since Robert wished to marry Lotta, it is to be imagined that he cared to be with her now and then beforehand, and as she was here he came here; but now — now that all that is over, there is nothing, nothing in the world to bring him out of his own snug house on a raw, dark November night, when the roads are about as bad as they can be, and there is not even a moon to light their way. It is a cool thing to ask any man to do, and I

must say, Matilda, I wonder you liked to do it. I am sure I, for one, should not have ventured."

"And I am sure that I, for another, should not, very certainly, very decidedly should not, with an eye to some one else's comfort than good Robert's," said Matilda laughing. "No indeed, that I should not, my brothers twain, had he and he alone been the proposed recipient of our hospitality. But, bethink you, there are others; and the raw, dark November night, and the bad roads, and the no moon, may be no obstacle to *them*. What do you say, Teddy? Do you think that Mr. Whewell would leave it? Do you think he would imperil his precious legal life in a four-mile drive through this lonely country after dark, to have another sight of — either of us?"

"Of you? Oh!" said Overton, with a smile.

"Of her, of course," added Teddy. "She is such a creature for getting round people, that she had that ass Whewell all in a buzz before we left. You never saw anything like the way he went on shoving through the doorway in front of me to get after her. And now she wants him over here —"

"To complete the damage done. Very good, Teddy," said Matilda approvingly. "I never like to leave a piece of work unfinished, on principle; so, as you say that Mr. Whewell has done me the honor to —"

"To flirt with you," said Teddy bluntly.

"Oh fie, Teddy! do not believe him, Overton. I never flirt. It is a thing I would not do upon any account; and as to flirting with Mr. Whewell — we were only pleasant, pleasant to each other. And there was no one for my poor Teddy to be pleasant to, and so he is cross with his Matilda," patting his shoulder as if cajoling a fretful child. "Now, was not that it, Ted? Don't be vexed, then: it shall have some one, it shall. Let me see, to-morrow night: whom could we get over for to-morrow night? No one but the Appleby girls, I am afraid. Will Juliet Appleby do, Teddy? She is fond of you, you know."

"I shall take Marion in," said Teddy decidedly.

"Judy is too young, is she?"

"A wretched schoolgirl," with contempt.

"A tolerably forward schoolgirl; she has learned one lesson thoroughly, at all events. But you are wrong, Teddy, she is emerged, emancipated; she is going

about everywhere now, and has been since the summer."

"I shall take Marion in," reiterated Teddy. Juliet had caused him offence last time they met, and he thus revenged himself.

"As you please," said his sister. "It does not signify, or rather it is better so; Juliet is much the prettier of the two."

"You don't call those Miss Applebys pretty, do you?" said Lord Overton, who, when quite alone with his brother and sister, could take a fair share in the conversation, and make now and then quite a good remark if not called upon to do it. "They are so what is it — unripe?"

"And budding beauty is what poets sing about, and lovers rave about."

"Budding, perhaps, but these are buds that will never blossom. Juliet is pink and white, but she has not a feature in her face, and Marion's teeth would spoil the look of any mouth."

"Well, I'll have Marion all the same," said Teddy obstinately. When he had a notion in his head he stuck to it, as he said himself; and he now looked defiantly round, as if Marion's teeth and Juliet's pink-and-whiteness had alike been forces used against his determination. "I mean to have Marion; so there," — bringing down his hand on the table.

"Such being the case, I give way," replied Matilda, humoring his mood. "I give way, and Juliet has Mr. Challoner; it will do that chatterbox good to have such a stone wall to expend her artillery upon; she will not get much change out of *her* companion, I should say: then Overton takes Lotta, and Robert must go by himself. He will not mind going by himself for once, when he sees his dear Lotta in the place of honor."

That she meant to have Whewell for herself was thus evident. Challoner might have the right to give her his arm and seat himself by her side — probably had the right, since she had a tolerably distinct recollection of something having been said about his family and connections which rendered it unlikely that Whewell could be in birth his superior — but what of that? Who was stupid enough to care for that? Certainly not Matilda Wilmot. She was not to know, or at least was not to be supposed to know; and at any rate Whewell she wanted, and Whewell she meant to have.

"And a pretty scrape you will get into with Robert if you do," Teddy reminded his sister; for he too had heard the reference to Challoner's family, and he saw

what Matilda was up to, after that fashion he had of seeing things that were not meant for him. "You had better just look out," he warned her.

But to no purpose. A plague on Robert! she must now and then be in scrapes with him, and as well now as at any other time. She would have her way, and trust to her good luck and her ready tongue to make matters straight with him afterwards, for Lotta's sake, not his own. She wished, oh, how devoutly she wished, that they could have a quarrel—a downright, out-and-out, give-and-take-no-quarter quarrel—so that they might be free of each other forevermore; but for her child's sake she would keep the peace—with intervals for refreshment; and as, happily, she knew his weak points, and could lay her finger on them to heal as well as to wound at any moment, he might be put aside occasionally without much alarm as to the future. Accordingly she laughed at Teddy, and went her way unheeding.

The next evening came, and with it the expected guests. Robert was in great force, had been in force the whole day; and meeting the returning carriage of the Applebys as they drove up to the Hall, was just as it should be. Lady Matilda had with unwonted thoughtfulness provided two new girls for his bachelor friends, and this would be the crowning touch to a day that had been altogether successful. The two strangers had shot well and walked well, and had expressed themselves warmly on the subject: their host had little doubt of being able to obtain for them another day on the Monday, and there was nothing to mar the satisfaction and serenity with which he alighted. The footmen had on their best liveries, and his cup was full.

"Take care, Lotta. Another step, my dear. Are you all right? Fine old hall, Challoner. The pictures are not much, but they are at least genuine. Your collar is turned up, Whewell: allow me." His "allow me" was the pinnacle of his good-humor.

But it was not destined to last long, as those who are in the wilful Matilda's confidence are aware; and only too soon after the party had assembled before the drawing-room fire, did his uneasy fears arise. Until then, no doubts had arisen to disturb his mind, for on this wise he had argued, that foolish and heedless as the young grandmother habitually showed herself to be, she could not go the length of this; she could not, without consulting his opinion or making due inquiries,

take upon herself to decide as to which of his guests—of *his* guests—should have precedence, when brought by him to the Hall. He had, indeed, already hinted his wishes; but if, as was, alas! too possible with such an auditor, the hint—the very emphatic hint—had been thrown away, in such a case here he was himself to be appealed to; and here was a good five minutes in which to make the appeal. A whisper to him, an aside through Teddy, a nod of the head, a turn of the eye, would have done it, would have let the hostess know which to make the happy man,—and of course it was Challoner who ought to be the man; and as a Miss Appleby could be placed upon his other side, so that he need only have the honor of Lady Matilda, and could have the pleasure of an unmarried lady's society at the same time (Robert was one who took it for granted that a bachelor must always prefer a "Miss")—all being so nicely arranged, Challoner would be well off.

He watched, he waited for the signal that was to bring him into secret communications with Lady Matilda; but Lady Matilda, quite at her ease, made no sign, and he grew restless; and then, just as he was debating within himself how matters would really go, if there would be a scrimmage at the end, or what?—what should he see but Challoner, the Challoner he thought so much of, and cared so intensely to show off before, paired off with an absurd little Juliet Appleby—not even Marion, but Juliet, the schoolgirl—while Whewell, all radiant and triumphant, talking, bending over as he talked, gallantly escorted the hostess to the head of the table?

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A STRANGE EFFECT.

"Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief, does it all."  
PRIOR.

NEVER had Matilda looked better.

She was glowing with life and health; and having put on her most becoming dress and ornaments, the plain, home-made frocks of two rather so-so looking damsels, and Lotta's high morning silk with the lace *fichu*, which, when put on in her little room at Endhill, had looked quite elegant enough and quite dressy enough for a quiet dinner at her uncle's, then became all at once dowdy and ineffective.

They were all much on a par, Lotta perhaps the worst, for Lotta had grown

stout of late, and could not stand much *fichu*, besides which, there was a suspicion of being somewhat too tightly buckled in for comfort,—but still the Miss Applebys could not cast stones at her. Juliet's muslin was limp, and did not hang straight, being longer on the one side than on the other; and the lace edgings on both sisters' skirts, on the blue as well as the pink, was cheap, and looked cheap. Little threads hung out here and there, and the color had slightly run in the washing; while to crown all, the cut on two rather meagre, scrimp, waistless young figures, was not all that could have been desired.

Lady Matilda was in black, but it was brilliant black; it was set off by freshly cut, snowy chrysanthemums, and quivering maiden-hair ferns; it was relieved by lustrous opals at her throat and in her ears; and it encircled the roundest, whitest neck and arms in the world.

Mrs. Hanwell thought her mother overdressed. It was just like mamma, she said; and she wondered how it was that Matilda knew no better, and how she, who ordinarily seemed to care so little how she looked, or how old and shabby her clothes were when walking about the lanes, or even shopping in the town, would sometimes take it into her head to flare up into splendor, and throw every one else into the shade. And it must be confessed that the young lady who sat thus in judgment did not like being in the shade, and felt more discomposed than she would have allowed to anybody, at finding herself there.

Her own costume was so nice, so very nice: she had herself tacked in new frilling in the neck and sleeves—her best frilling too, out of a not over-abundant supply—and it had gone to her heart to reflect how it would get crushed and soiled by her heavy fur cloak in the drive to and from the Hall; but she had felt that the occasion was sufficient. She had meant to look well, and not to grudge a little trouble, or even her favorite ruffles; she had rubbed bright her large gold locket and chain, and put it on over the lace; and then there had been a pair of neat little bronze slippers, and mittens, and a brown fan, with a brown ribbon run through the handle to match the slippers. And a clean handkerchief, fine and soft, but not her best Honiton one, which would have been over-smart, had been found for the pocket, and a pretty white scarf had been remembered for the head, and nothing had been forgotten, not even

the parting directions to nurse, nor the kiss to baby, before she left Endhill.

Nobody had ever crossed the threshold there with a more complacent step: no one had ever entered the entrance-hall at Overton with a fuller sense of inward assurance.

And in half an hour all was altered, for in half an hour Lotta had had time to look about her, to take notes and to adjust her ideas, and the result was that she felt oppressed and crestfallen.

Lady Matilda had no fan, no gloves, no bracelets, probably no handkerchief,—but her bare white arms, fringed with the glittering black, would have been insulted by a covering, and made the very idea of mittens loathsome; while the shape of her beautiful head, and the thickness of her hair, turned Lotta's little matronly cap into a superfluous and ridiculous appendage. Lotta, in short, looked as though she had not dressed—what ladies call “dressed”—at all.

“My dear, you might have made more of yourself,” Lady Matilda could not forbear murmuring aside, as the two sat on a sofa together before dinner. “You have evening gowns,” continued she reproachfully. And then some one had spoken, and there had been no chance of explaining the why and wherefore the evening gowns referred to had not been considered suitable, and altogether it was hard on Lotta.

But her vexation was slight compared with Robert's when the move to the dining-room took place, and he beheld, as we have said, his much too lovely, much too enchanting mother-in-law led forward to her seat by Whewell. He almost hated the agreeable barrister, and scarcely dared to look how Challoner fared. As for that wicked Matilda—but she was irreclaimable.

There she sat, by far the finest and fairest woman present; and there was his friend, but not his chief friend, not the man who should have been where he was,—there was Whewell, cocked up on high, equal to anything, delighted with everything, turning his head this way and that way, by Matilda's side. And there was Challoner—even Challoner could increase the dudgeon of the moment; for the injured, ill-treated, degraded Challoner was eating his soup with an air of unconcern, which showed too plainly that whether he had even understood his ignominy or not was doubtful.

Further, however, than that his manner bespoke ease and enjoyment, Whewell

gave no just cause for offence; he did not abuse the prosperity which had fallen to his lot; he did not attempt to keep Matilda's ear and attention for himself as he had done, and so successfully done, at Endhill; he had a word, an inquiry, or remark for all about him, took part in divers conversations, told capital stories, and led the laugh with such success, that no merrier meal had ever been known at Overton. Even Robert and even Lotta resumed their usual lugubrious serenity as the courses ran on. "And even Mr. Challoner, the stately Challoner, smiled upon us at last," said Matilda afterwards. "He needs waking up, does that poor Challoner. I was quite relieved to see him look more cheerful and less lackadaisical, as he and Juliet advanced in intimacy. Juliet, my dear, that must have been your doing," putting her arm round Juliet's waist as she spoke. "To you must be the credit of thawing the ice upon the Challonerean brow. And it is worth thawing, I believe. Do you know, girls, that he is — what is he, Lotta? for I protest," laughing, "that I do not know myself."

"He is very nice," said Lotta warmly, "very nice indeed; though mamma does not think so," with a little prick of malice.

"Mamma does not think so, indeed! Bravo, Lotta! Now, Madam Wiseacre," cried Matilda, who would always have an insinuation said out, whether the speaker liked or not — "now how, pray, do you know that mamma does not think so?"

But on this occasion Lotta was not unwilling to be explicit. "You have never taken the slightest notice of him since he came," she said. "You have never taken the trouble to speak to him, and you would not have him in to dinner."

"So that is the accusation. Now, hear me. I did far better than have him in to dinner myself; I gave him Juliet."

All were silent.

"I gave him Juliet," repeated Lady Matilda slowly; "and I think that every young man would allow that he had the best of it in such an assortment. You are too polite, much too polite, to say so to me, young ladies; but you know as well as I do in your hearts that, whatever Mr. Challoner's proclivities may be, a young man —"

"He is not so young at all," observed Lotta.

"Any man at all then, or at any rate, the average man of the day, prefers a young and blushing mademoiselle to an old and unblushing — grandmother."

"Oh, Lady Matilda!" They all laughed.

"Grandmother! It is really too absurd," said the eldest Miss Appleby. "When we heard about baby, you know, Lotta, the first thing we all said was, 'Think of Lady Matilda a grandmother!' and we laughed so — you can't think how we laughed."

"Lotta thinks there was nothing to laugh at," said Lotta's mother, looking at her with a smile; "and it was very shocking of you, girls, to make sport out of me and my grandson. You might as well have said, 'Think of Lotta a mother!' That was quite as funny, I suppose?" But no one looked as if they had found it so.

"Oh, Lotta seemed quite the right person to have a nursery full," said Marion candidly. "Lotta always was sober, you know; she — oh, Lady Matilda, you should have heard what papa said!" cried the poor girl, leaving Lotta's unencouraging face to right itself. "Papa said — he is *such* an admirer of yours — and when we told him, he said that you were the handsomest and youngest woman in the county: youngest — you remember, Juliet, how he defined it? that it wasn't years and that sort of thing that made people old; and he said that if Lady Matilda had a score of grandchildren, it would make not an atom of difference."

"Thank you, my dear. Next time I see your father, I shall say aloud in his hearing that he is the dearest and most discerning old gentleman in the county; and that if there were a score of women he admired more than me, it would make not an atom of difference."

"Now, Juliet," pursued she, when all, Lotta excepted, had done justice to the repartee, — "now, Juliet, for Mr. Challoner once more. Mr. Challoner once more to the front, please. What is he like? What is his line? What is there in him?"

But this was too much. "I should think," said Mrs. Lotta, with a toss of her head, cap and all, — "I should really imagine — at least any one would imagine — that I might be the one to know most about Mr. Challoner, as he is now actually staying in our house, and he is Robert's own friend; while Juliet has only spoken to him — has only *seen* him within the last half-hour!"

"Two hours at least, my dear: don't be inaccurate because you are cross. And I will tell you why I don't ask you for information, — simply because I am not likely to get it."



"Why not likely? You have never asked. I will give it you in a moment."

"You would, my dear, I know; and I know what the value of it would be, and it would be —" and Lady Matilda made a little snap of her fingers that was hardly dignified, but was very charming. "These things are not in your way, Lotta. You were never any hand with men," which was unfair, all things considered.

"But then, she never would have been," said Lady Matilda to herself; "she has not the way with them, and never would have."

"Now, Juliet is like me — she has perception," continued she aloud. "Juliet is a bit of scamp herself, and so I can depend on her to tell me whether she has found one in Mr. Challoner or not."

"Oh, Lady Matilda!"

"Well, child, I am not blaming you — far from it; I appreciate the gift. Come, out with it, for good or for evil, for better for worse. Give us your experience, your valuable experience; Mr. Challoner is —"

"To tell you the truth, then, Lady Matilda, I would gladly have exchanged companions with you."

"You would, you monkey? I believe you; from my heart I do. What! — he was not responsive, was he not, Juliet? Now, Lotta, be quiet. I see the man is a man of lead."

"He is not at *all*: not in the *very* least."

"Oh yes, he is: Juliet says it, and Juliet must know."

"But I did not say it, Lady Matilda," protested Juliet; "I only said, and that when you asked me, and *made* me say it —"

"I know, I know: never mind Lotta, you goosey; nobody minds Lotta in this house — though she reigns supreme at Endhill, no doubt. But here I am the only person to be in awe of, d'y'e see that?" pinching her ear. "Now get on with your tale. You gave him up? Did you give him up? Did you find him past endurance? Lotta, go away; go and talk with Marion over there: don't listen to us, — that's right! Now, Juliet?"

"I must say he was rather difficult to get on with, Lady Matilda."

"Difficult! How difficult? What shape and form did the 'difficult' take?"

"He never originated an idea, to begin with. And then he was so — don't you know? — absent. He did not seem to take any notice — I mean he had no interest; all he cared to talk about was the

shooting, and I know nothing about shooting — how should I?" said poor Juliet plaintively. "I tried him on all sorts of other things, indeed I did. I told him all about the neighborhood, and the people, and — and everything I could think of; and then, when I had said all I could think of, and had racked my brains to make the most of a thing, he would just answer me, and let it drop. I had to do it all over again with something else, you know. It wasn't encouraging, was it?"

"Bad, bad, — very bad. Just what I had expected, however. I must say I object to have my pet subjects 'let drop,' myself; and you certainly had a hard time of it, Judy."

"The worst of it was, he was always looking at you." Incautious girl, the words escaped her ere she knew, and Matilda heard them, and stopped short, although she had drawn her breath, and opened her lips to speak again.

She stopped short in her surprise.

"Looking at me!" she said at last.

"He was, indeed. He was always looking your way, at least, and listening to what you and Mr. Whewell were saying. I suppose he must have found your conversation more amusing than mine, and no doubt it was," owned poor Juliet in her mortification. "Mr. Whewell is amusing, is he not?"

"Oh, very."

"And pleasant? And — and —"

"Everything."

Miss Appleby sighed.

"Come, I have a spark of generosity in my nature," said Lady Matilda suddenly, "and my Juliet shall profit by it. You have told me all that was in your heart, Judy, you have hidden nothing of your discomfiture and — disgust. Never mind, never mind —" as Juliet protested. "It is too late to draw back now, much too late; and you have done so well, it would be a pity to spoil the effect. I see the scene. I see the dauntless Juliet plodding on, and the ungrateful Challoner lifting his eyes to higher spheres. (That's me" — in parenthesis.) "I am the higher sphere, my love, and it is not to be wondered at if a man of forty — he looks about forty, I should say — if he did prefer — I mean, if he would have preferred my society to that of a little lass of eighteen. Had he been twenty years younger, Juliet — oh, Juliet, you have it all before you. Juliet, Juliet, you need not envy me my poor autumnal triumph. Every year you will change your style of admirer, my



dear; at present you have one kind, in another year you will have another kind — it is so long ago with me that I forget the exact ages, but they keep marching on as you march — until at my years none are left to you but a scattered remnant, here and there a susceptible widower, or a man who has lost his first love, or a foreign diplomatist who wants an English wife to head his table, or — ”

“Oh, Lady Matilda, how can you say so? You know very well — ”

“Very well all that you can say, child,” with unaffected disdain. “Oh yes, I know all about it; trust me. But, Juliet, what I meant to say was this. You envy me Mr. Whewell, my dear, delightful Mr. Whewell, and herewith I make a present of him to you. Now this is how the deed of gift shall be drawn out. He sings; well, I love music, but I fear I do not greatly care for musical people, more especially when the fit is on. Fact is, I hate ’em. So Mr. Whewell shall not have the felicity of being accompanied by me in ‘Darby and Joan,’ or ‘In the gloamin’, oh, my da-ärlin’,” mimicking, “those two abominations which are no doubt the flower of his *répertoire*; he shall not be permitted to shine in them, but he shall hum his bass to Juliet’s sweetest treble, while I, even I — hearken, O Lotta, hearken, O Marion, — I will immolate myself on the altar of — ”

The door opened, and she was prevented saying Challoner’s name by the entrance of Challoner himself.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ROBERT HAS CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

“You always do too little, or too much.”

COWPER.

THERE was nothing in the faces of any of the ladies to indicate that they had been interrupted in their conversation. Lady Matilda, even while turning round courteously to include the new-comers in the conversation, continued to address the youngest Miss Appleby — altering her topic but not her tone, — while the elder sister and Mrs. Hanwell resumed the thread of a confidence that had been suspended for a moment by the last remark.

“You see,” said Lotta earnestly, “I could have overlooked it if it had been the first time, and if I could have put any faith, any real faith, in the woman’s professions. But if once a servant has been untrustworthy, you don’t know how to believe her again.”

“Yes, indeed,” replied her companion,

endeavoring to look as attentive as before; “yes, indeed. I know that is what mamma always says, and — ”

“I could never have let her out of the house with any comfort, could I? And if there had been a message to be taken — and we so often have to have messages — at least errands to be run — down to the village, you know, to the post, or for things that cook wants — cooks always want things when there is no one handy to go for them — ”

“I hear Lotta and her cooks,” murmured Lady Matilda, aside to Teddy.)

“If we had wanted to send anywhere, it would always have been ‘Who was to go?’” proceeded the unconscious narrator. “Now Sarah has always seemed willing, and so I always let her; and it was only the other day — though I must own I had my suspicions before — but it was only the day before yesterday, something was wanted for yesterday’s dinner, something that cook had to make ready the day before, for we had these gentlemen coming” (lower), “and so, of course, cook was anxious to do her best, and she asked if Sarah might run up the road for her.”

“Don’t you find the fire rather hot, dear?”

“No, thank you, never mind.” Lotta’s tongue was not to be stopped in that way.

“Well, Marion, I do assure you that the girl took an hour and a half, and she had not half a mile to go! She did indeed; for I looked at the clock, and it was four o’clock when she went, and half past five when she came in. It was dark, quite dark outside, but I heard her come in and go up the back staircase, so I called out, ‘Is that Sarah?’ and it was.”

“Oh, that was too bad. But — ”

“She had only to run up the road to Farmer Dunstable’s for some cream — at least, to let them know that extra cream would be wanted next day; she had not even to wait for it, and she could not pretend that she had when I taxed her. The cream was wanted for the white soup, you know; cook does make such excellent white soup, and she is so economical over it; she never thinks of veal and chicken; she makes a bit of the neck of mutton do, with a rabbit. Of course I let her get what cream she likes; for, after all, a shilling’s worth of cream goes a long way; and Mrs. Dunstable’s cream is always good and thick. So when she asked if some one might be sent to the farm, I said, ‘Send Sarah.’ I said it at once, never thinking, never for a moment imag-

ining, you know, that she was not to be trusted. Robert would have sent the groom, but he had hurt his foot; and as Sarah has nothing much to do about four o'clock — she never has — I suggested her myself. She brought in my cup of tea first — Robert does not take tea — and I remember that I thought it rather strange Sarah's bringing it in so early, for I don't usually have it till five, or nearly five, — and she excused herself by saying that she thought I looked tired, and would be glad of my tea. It was that I might not find out how long she stayed, you know."

"Dear!" said Miss Appleby, properly shocked. Resistance was of no avail; the grievance, she saw, must be heard out.

"I could hardly believe it, Marion, and of course I have felt it dreadfully. Nurse — I mean Mrs. Burrble, not Hannah — nurse did give me a sort of hint a week ago, at least she says now that she meant it for a hint, — by the way, Mrs. Burrble can stay on with us another week, Marion — is not that nice? I was so anxious that Hannah should have her in the house for a little after Hannah had begun to take baby in hand; and Robert has been so good, he says under the circumstances I am quite right, and he does not mind the expense at all. Of course she is expensive, but she is such a nice woman, and I can talk to her about all sorts of things. I told her about Sarah at once, and then she reminded me that she had given me that hint. She had said, 'Are you keeping on Sarah, ma'am?' And she tells me now that she had meant me to notice it, and to ask why she inquired. But it never occurred to me. Now, would it to you?"

"Not for a moment."

"And I was not to blame, was I?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, it is a good thing now that it is off your mind," continued Miss Appleby, in a summing-up, judicial tone; "and as you have given her warning —"

"Oh, but it is not off my mind at all. You see I did not take in what Mrs. Burrble meant, when she asked, 'Are you keeping on Sarah?' What was I to say? Of course I *was* keeping on Sarah. So now Sarah says —"

"Young ladies, young ladies, where are your manners?" Never had human voice sounded more musical in the ears of the unfortunate Marion Appleby than Lady Matilda's did now. "Fie, both of you! usurping one another in this way," con-

tinued the hostess, with the most delightful reproach. "Fie! get up; split into two, instantly. I really wondered how long this was going on," she proceeded, looking from one to the other as they stood up at her command, "and at last I saw something must be done. Look over there."

Over there accordingly the culprits looked, and indeed what they beheld justified Matilda's complaint. Lord Overton, Mr. Challoner, Robert, and Teddy were all silently drinking coffee, having apparently exhausted every single thing they had to say to each other before they left the dining-room. Whewell was more lucky, but still only relatively lucky: he had the resource of the china ornaments on the mantelpiece and Juliet Appleby; but even he was less lively than before, while there was no doubt that the other quartet felt themselves, if not aggrieved, at least unwanted, unneeded, superfluous.

As soon, however, as it was seen that the ladies were no longer too deeply engaged for intrusion, they were approached on all sides, — the two Overtons, elder and younger, with one accord addressing the ever-pliant, accommodating Marion Appleby, who was always ready to listen, and never had much to say; while Mr. Challoner, apparently impelled by a sense of duty, made an opening observation to Mrs. Hanwell, and Matilda herself was left to her son-in-law.

Well, she could not help it; she had meant, had certainly meant, to take that opportunity for making amends to Challoner, and she would undoubtedly have preferred him, even him, to Robert; but he had begun with Lotta, and so there was an end of it. No one could say it was her fault. Still it was the hour for sacrifice, so if balked in one direction she would strike out in another; she would make the best of the bad bargain the fates had given her for the nonce; and accordingly, —

"I am having new covers in my boudoir, Robert."

"Indeed? Are the old ones worn out, then?"

"Worn to rags. But I dare say I should have had them still, if Teddy had not let fall a bottle of ink, and it went all over the sofa cushions and all, last week. Perhaps on the whole it was the best thing he could have done."

"You are a philosopher, Lady Matilda." The effects of a good dinner and a pleasant after-dinner were not without their effect on Mr. Hanwell; he found Lady

Matilda more sensible than usual. "And what are the new covers like?" he inquired with interest.

"Really not very unlike the old ones. You may not discover any difference; I should not be surprised if they never catch your eye at all, unless you remember my having told you."

"And why did you get them so much alike? For the sake of the rest of the furniture, I suppose? It is really an important matter when you begin to alter furniture," — he was a great man for furniture, — "and I suppose you had to suit your carpet and curtains? Or have you new curtains?"

"Well, yes, I have. I did not need them a bit, and I don't know why I got them, but there they are."

"And where did you go?"

"I had patterns down from several places, but one little man in Tottenham Court Road sent by far the best. Two or three of them would have done. If you and Lotta are in want of any more things, I advise you to try there; I am sure he is cheap, and I have kept the address. Those girls want it too," looking at the Miss Applebys.

"Are they furnishing, then?"

"They are talking of doing up their drawing-room. Between ourselves, I doubt the result; four or five people all suggesting, and scheming, and plotting, and planning — to say nothing of quarrelling and sulking over it — is too much. They will come to grief sooner or later, you may depend upon it, and already there are rumors of dissension afloat. I fancy 'papa' does not see any reason for doing it at all; papas never do, you know."

"Exactly: they never do. My father was most unwilling to make any changes at the old house, I remember," observed Robert, sitting slowly and heavily down on a low chair beside her, "oh, heavens, this was more than she had bargained for!" "and it was some time before we could get the old gentleman to acknowledge that there was anything of the kind needed. One of the floors was actually giving way; and when the library carpet was taken up," continued he, stretching out his legs comfortably in front — "when the old green carpet was up that had been down for thirty years, I believe you could see daylight through it! Oh, there were holes in a number of the carpets."

"They were not visible holes, then," replied Lady Matilda graciously; "invisible to me, at any rate. I saw nothing but what was the picture of comfort and

— and" (again that word "respectable" in her mind, and again it would not do) — "and everything. But with such good rooms," proceeded the speaker hastily — "with such first-rate rooms as they have at your father's, it is easy to make them look well. I was never in a better planned house in my life."

"Well, really" (he hardly knew what to do under such amiable treatment), "really, you — ah — you are very kind to say so. And it is tolerable in its way; not like this, of course, not to be compared to Overton; but it is certainly a good, old-fashioned building, dry and wholesome. And when are you thinking of going over again, Lady Matilda? They will be most happy, you know. We propose taking baby the end of next week, and stopping over Sunday — Lotta perhaps longer; certainly they will try to keep her longer, — she is a great favorite with them all, and I may leave her for a week or so if she wishes it. I must come back myself. We begin our new stables on Monday week, and I must be on the spot while it is being done. Besides the chance of blunders, I always make a point of being at home when the workmen are about. You never know what they may be up to. And then we have at present no very good place for keeping our silver. How do you do about your silver here? Have you a safe?"

"Yes — no. At least I don't know, — I suppose so. I never thought about it." She was not quite sure that she knew what a safe was, but had discretion enough to keep her ignorance to herself.

"Well, I have almost made up my mind to have one," proceeded Robert, "and I will tell you where I mean to place it. I have my own ideas on the subject. There is a little cupboard that opens out of the hall, pretty far back, underneath the staircase, just beyond where the coat-stand is —"

"I know — I know." Her tone meant, "Stop that, at any rate," but happily he was insensible to it.

"You know? Well, that little cupboard is pretty well hidden, and it goes pretty far back. A safe could be fitted in at the back, and made fast either to the wall behind, or to the floor — either would do. I am not sure which would be best. Which should you say?"

"I should consult the man who comes to put it up."

"Oh, I never do that," — he shook his head emphatically. "No, no, Lady Matilda, I know better than to do that. I

have my own ideas about things, and I generally find they are correct. I do not want to boast, but really I have hardly ever—I may almost say never—had to repent when I have taken a thing into my own hands."

She sighed, but she had to endure: for fully half an hour did he run thus smoothly on; and as every one else either was, or was obliged to appear to be, equally agreeably engaged, she had no pretext for rising, and no hope of deliverance.

At length, however, came a break. One voice dropped off after another, more than one eye was directed to her, and she could with all propriety herself respond to the general mute appeal for a change of scene.

"We were to have some music?" suggested Whewell, approaching. "May we hope, Lady Matilda——"

She rose smiling.

"Let him sing alone," said Robert in a low voice. "He can; and he can play for himself too." Whewell had gone to open the instrument. "I think," continued Robert, with what was for him a great effort of moderation,—"I think, perhaps, Lady Matilda, you have not noticed that Challoner—ah—I fancy he would like if you would speak to him a little. And I think you would be pleased with him,—I really do. Quite so,—I mean if you have the opportunity," in reply to a hesitating glance towards the piano. "I understand: it will do by-and-by—quite well, by-and-by."

Well, she would, by-and-by. Robert had a show of reason on his side; and however dull and uninteresting his friend might be, it was true that, for her own sake, she ought not to be rude to any one. And then Juliet had said that Challoner had been looking at her. Certainly she would do something, if it were ever so little, for him—by-and-by.

But, alas! by-and-by was long in coming. One song succeeded another, and Whewell found each more charming than the last. He did not sing with her, having found out, with his native quickness of perception, that she would prefer going her own way unmolested, and that the few notes he threw in once or twice had only resulted in confusion; he had put her out, and a thousand apologies could not put her in again. He promised in future to abstain; but to sing with him for an auditor, for an enthusiastic, demonstrative auditor, was pleasant enough—so pleasant, indeed, that time drew on,

and there was no appearance of an end to it.

It was not that Challoner was forgotten,—it was that she could not be troubled with him. And, after all, why should she be? She thought—as soon as the effect of Robert's leniency had worn off a little—she thought Mr. Challoner did well enough without notice. It appeared to be all one to him where he was, or what he was doing; and looking at him, as he and Overton sat together at the far end of the room, with evidently quite a fellow-feeling of comfort and repose in obscurity, she vowed it would be a pity, altogether a pity, to unsettle the minds of either.

Now Whewell was different: Whewell could not be happy unless he were in the front of everything: whatever was the order of the day, he must have a part in it, and could perform that part well; and such being the case, it was a pleasure to do anything for him. But if a man has no discernment, sees no difference, and would as soon be at the bottom as at the top—why, leave him at the bottom.

At length, however, Whewell had implored, and praised, and thanked, and flattered, until it seemed as though nothing else were left to be said or looked. It grew late. "I believe I ought to see after people," said Matilda, rising. "Juliet, take my place; and you, who accompany so much better than I do, play this for Mr. Whewell."

Thus she was free, and now surely was Challoner's time come! But no. Unfortunately no one but Matilda herself knew what Matilda meant to do, and two at least of the party were ill enough pleased with what she had already done. Neither of these was Lord Overton—he was happy enough: he thought the evening had gone off well—better than he had expected; and that as every one was doing as he or she liked best, all was right. Whewell he considered was a noisy fellow, but noisy fellows were of use sometimes, and it was lively to hear the piano going. For himself, he liked Challoner better, infinitely better; but Challoner could not help things off as Whewell did; and anyway the dull dinner-party would soon be over, and he hoped Matilda would not soon think it necessary to give another. Here was Matilda coming; and had Matilda come, had she got his length and accosted him, she would have been received with his usual smile. But an angry voice stopped her midway.

"You have come at last," said Teddy,

in her ear. "And time you did, I should say. You and Juliet have behaved nicely to the rest of us,"—for Juliet had not shown that sense of desolation which he had expected on seeing him turned into her sister's cavalier for the evening. "She is going on with that ape, Whewell, with a vengeance. And so were you. And you treat that other one, as nice a fellow as ever lived, as if he were a dog."

"I do nothing of the kind: I don't know what you mean."

"He has sat in that chair ever since we came in from dinner, and nobody has gone near him but Lotta."

"Overton is sitting by him now."

"What's Overton? I don't believe he has said ten words since he came in. And Juliet too. Tell you what, Robert says——"

"What do I care for Robert? Let him say anything."

"He is as savage with you as ever he can be."

"Savage! How absurd you are!" cried Matilda, but still under her breath, though with a movement of the shoulder which carried its own emphasis. "Let Robert mind his own business. It is not for him to dictate to me; I can judge for myself, I should hope." And not a syllable would she speak to Challoner after that.

"The carriage is here," said Lotta at last. "Good-bye, mamma; we must not stop a minute, as it is raining. My cloak is down-stairs, thank you. It is in the library." And the next thing was the cold touch of a limp and indignant hand, as Robert, no longer under the influence of dinner and claret, followed his wife out into the hall.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
LITERARY FORGERIES.

IN the whole amusing history of impostures, there is no more diverting chapter than that which deals with literary frauds. None contains a more grotesque revelation of the smallness and the complexity of human nature, and none—not even the records of the Tichborne trial, and its results—reveals more pleasantly the depths of mortal credulity. The literary forger is usually a clever man, and it is necessary for him to be at least on a level with the literary knowledge and critical science of his time. But how low that level commonly appears to be! Think of the suc-

cess of Ireland, a boy of eighteen; think of Chatterton; think of Surtees of Mainsforth, who took in the great magician himself, the father of all them that are skilled in ballad lore. How simple were the artifices of these ingenious impostors, their resources how scanty; how hand-to-mouth and improvised was their whole procedure! Times have altered a little. Jo Smith's revelation and famed "Golden Bible" only carried captive the polygamous *populus qui vult decipi*, reasoners a little lower than even the believers in Anglo-Israel. The Moabite Ireland, who lately gave Mr. Shapira the famous MS. of Deuteronomy, but did not delude M. Clermont Ganneau, was doubtless a smart man; he was, however, a little too indolent, a little too easily satisfied. He might have procured better and less recognizable materials than his old "synagogue rolls;" in short, he took rather too little trouble, and came to the wrong market. A literary forgery ought first, perhaps, to appeal to the credulous, and only slowly should it come with the prestige of having already won many believers before the learned world. The inscriber of the Phœnician inscriptions in Brazil (of all places) was a clever man. His account of the voyage of Hiram to South America probably gained some credence in Brazil, while in England it only carried captive Mr. Day, author of "The Pre-historic Use of Iron and Steel." But the Brazilians, from lack of energy, have dropped the subject, and the Phœnician inscriptions of Brazil are less successful, after all, than the Moabite stone, about which one begins to entertain disagreeable doubts.

The motives of the literary forger are curiously mixed; but they may, perhaps, be analyzed roughly into piety, greed, "push," and love of fun. Many literary forgeries have been pious frauds, perpetrated in the interests of a Church, a priesthood, or a dogma. Then we have fraud of greed, as if, for example, a forger should offer his wares for a million of money to the British Museum; or when he tries to palm off his Samaritan Gospel on the "Bad Samaritan" of the Bodleian. Next we come to playful frauds, or frauds in their origin playful, like (perhaps) the Shakespearian forgeries of Ireland, the *supercheries* of Prosper Mérimée, the sham antique ballads (very spirited poems in their way) of Surtees, and many other examples. Occasionally it has happened that forgeries, begun for the mere sake of exerting the imitative faculty, and of raising a laugh against the learned, have been



persevered with in earnest. The humorous deceptions are, of course, the most pardonable, though it is difficult to forgive the young archæologist who took in his own father with false Greek inscriptions. But this story may be a mere fable amongst archæologists, who are constantly accusing each other of all manner of crimes. There are forgeries by "pushing" men, who hope to get a reading for poems, which if put forth as new would be neglected. There remain forgeries of which the motive is so complex as to remain forever obscure. We may generally ascribe them to love of notoriety in the forger; such notoriety as Macpherson won by his dubious pinchbeck Ossian. More difficult still to understand are the forgeries which real scholars have committed or connived at for the purpose of supporting some opinion which they held with earnestness. There is a vein of madness and self-deceit in the character of the man who half persuades himself that his own false facts are true. The Payne Collier case is thus one of the most difficult in the world to explain, for it is equally hard to suppose that Mr Payne Collier was taken in by the notes on the folio he gave the world, and to hold that he was himself guilty of forgery to support his own opinions.

The further we go back in the history of literary forgeries, the more (as is natural) do we find them to be of a pious or priestly character. When the clergy alone can write, only the clergy can forge. In such ages people are interested chiefly in prophecies and warnings, or, if they are careful about literature, it is only when literature contains some kind of title-deeds. Thus Solon is said to have forged a line in the Homeric catalogue of the ships for the purpose of proving that Salamis belonged to Athens. But the great antique forger, the "Ionian father of the rest," is, doubtless, Onomacritus. There exists, to be sure, an Egyptian inscription professing to be of the fourth, but probably of the twenty-sixth, dynasty. The Germans hold the latter view; the French, from patriotic motives, maintain the opposite opinion. But this forgery is scarcely "literary." I never can think of Onomacritus without a certain respect: he began the forging business so very early, and was (apart from this failing) such an imposing and magnificently respectable character. The scene of the error and the detection of Onomacritus presents itself always to me in a kind of pictorial vision. It is night, the clear,

windless night of Athens, not of the Athens whose ruins remain, but of the ancient city that sank in ashes during the invasion of Xerxes. The time is the time of Pisistratus the successful tyrant, the scene is the ancient temple, the stately house of Athens, the fane where the sacred serpent was fed on cakes, and the primeval olive-tree grew beside the well of Posidon. The darkness of the temple's inmost shrine is lit by the ray of one earthen lamp. You dimly discern the majestic form of a venerable man stooping above a coffer of cedar and ivory, carved with the exploits of the goddess, and with *boustrophedon* inscriptions. In his hair this archaic Athenian wears the badge of the golden grasshopper. You never saw a finer man. He is Onomacritus, the famous poet, and the trusted guardian of the ancient oracles of Musæus and Bacis. What is he doing? Why, he takes from the fragrant cedar coffer certain thin stained sheets of lead, whereon are scratched the words of doom, the prophecies of the Greek Thomas the Rhymer. From his bosom he draws another thin sheet of lead, also stained and corroded. On this he scratches, in imitation of the old "Cadmeian letters," a prophecy that "the isles near Lemnos shall disappear under the sea." So busy is he in this task, that he does not hear the rustle of a chiton behind, and suddenly a man's hand is on his shoulder! Onomacritus turns in horror. Has the goddess punished him for tampering with the oracles? No; it is Lasus, the son of Hermiones, a rival poet, who has caught the keeper of the oracles in the very act of a pious forgery (Herodotus vii. 6). Pisistratus expelled the learned Onomacritus from Athens, but his conduct proved, in the long run, highly profitable to the reputations of Musæus and Bacis. Whenever their oracles were not fulfilled, people said, "Oh, that is merely one of the interpolations of Onomacritus!" and the matter was passed over. This Onomacritus is said to have been one of the original editors of Homer under Pisistratus. He lived long, never repented, and, many years later, deceived Xerxes into attempting his disastrous expedition. This he did by "keeping back the oracles unfavorable to the barbarians," and putting forward any that seemed favorable. The children of Pisistratus believed in him, as Spiritualists go on giving credit to exposed and exploded "mediums."

Having once practised deceit, it is to be feared that Onomacritus acquired a liking for the practice of literary forgery,

which, as will be seen in the case of Ireland, grows on a man like dram-drinking. Onomacritus is generally charged with the authorship of the poems which the ancients usually attributed to Orpheus, the companion of Jason. Perhaps the most interesting of the poems of Orpheus to us would have been his "Inferno," or *Karú βασις ἐς ᾠδον* in which the poet gave his own account of his descent to Hades in search of Eurydice. But only a dubious reference to one adventure in the journey is quoted by Plutarch. Whatever the exact truth about the Orphic poems may be (the reader may pursue the hard and fruitless quest in Lobeck's "Aglaophanus"), it seems certain that the period between Pisistratus and Pericles, like the Alexandrian time, was a great age for literary forgeries. But of all these frauds the greatest (according to the most "advanced" theory on the subject) is the forgery of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*! The opinions of the scholars who hold that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* which we know and which Plato knew, are not the epics known to Herodotus, but later compositions, are not very clear nor consistent. But it seems to be vaguely held that about the time of Pericles there arose a kind of Greek Macpherson. This ingenious impostor worked on old epic materials, but added many new ideas of his own about the gods, converting the *Iliad* (the poem which we now possess) into a kind of mocking romance, a Greek "Don Quixote." He also forged a number of pseudo-archaic words, tenses, and expressions, and added the numerous references to iron, a metal practically unknown, it is asserted, to Greece before the sixth century. If we are to believe, with Professor Paley, that the chief incidents of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were unknown to Sophocles, Æschylus, and the contemporary vase-painters, we must also suppose that the Greek Macpherson invented most of the situations in the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. According to this theory the "cooker" of the extant epics was far the greatest and most successful of all literary impostors, for he deceived the whole world, from Plato downwards, till he was exposed by Mr. Paley. There are times when one is inclined to believe that Plato must have been the forger himself, as Bacon (according to the other hypothesis) was the author of Shakespeare's plays. Thus "Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam," would be "the first of those who" forge! Next to this prodigious imposture, no doubt, the false "Letters of Phalaris" are the

most important of classical forgeries. And these illustrate, like most literary forgeries, the extreme worthlessness of literary taste as a criterion of the authenticity of writings. For what man ever was more a man of taste than Sir William Temple, "the most accomplished writer of the age," whom Mr. Boyle never thought of without calling to mind those happy lines of Lucretius,

Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni  
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

Well, the ornate and excellent Temple held that "the epistles of Phalaris have more race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others he had ever seen, either ancient or modern." So much for what Bentley calls Temple's "nicety of tast." The greatest of English scholars readily proved that Phalaris used (in the spirit of prophecy) an idiom which did not exist to write about matters in his time not invented, but "many centuries younger than he." So let the nicety of Temple's "tast" and its absolute failure be a warning to us when we read (if read we must) German critics who deny Homer's claim to this or that passage, and Plato's right to half his accepted dialogues, on grounds of literary taste. And farewell, as Herodotus would have said, to the letters of Phalaris, of Socrates, of Plato; to the lives of Pythagoras and of Homer, and to all the other uncounted literary forgeries of the classical world, from the Sibylline prophecies to the battle of the frogs and mice.

Early Christian forgeries were, naturally, pious. We have the apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which were not exposed till Erasmus's time. Perhaps the most important of pious forgeries (if forgery be exactly the right word in this case), was that of the False Decretals. "On a sudden," says Milman, speaking of the pontificate of Nicholas I. (ob. 867 A.D.), "Of a sudden was promulgated, unannounced, without preparation, not absolutely unquestioned, but apparently over-awing at once all doubt, a new code, which to the former authentic documents added fifty-nine letters and decrees of the twenty oldest popes from Clement to Melchisedech, and the donation of Constantine, and in the third part, among the decrees of the popes and of the councils from Sylvester to Gregory II., thirty-nine false decrees, and the acts of several unauthentic councils." "The whole is composed," Milman adds, "with an air of profound piety and

reverence." The False Decretals naturally assert the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. "They are full and minute on Church property" (they were sure to be that); in fact, they remind one of another forgery, pious and Aryan, the "Institutes of Vishnu." "Let him not levy any tax upon Brahmins," says the Brahman forger of the Institutes, which "came from the mouths of Vishnu," as he sat "clad in a yellow robe, imperturbable, decorated with all kinds of gems, while Lakshmi was stroking his feet with her soft palms." The Institutes took excellent care of Brahmins and cows, as the Decretals did of the pope and the clergy, and the earliest popes had about as much hand in the Decretals as Vishnu had in his Institutes. Hommenay, in "Pantagruel," did well to have the praise of the Decretals sung by *filles belles, blondelettes, doucelettes et de bonne grace*. And then Hommenay drank to the Decretals and their very good health. "O dives Décretals, tant par vous est le vin bon bon trouvé" — "Oh, divine Decretals, how good you make good wine taste!" "The miracle would be greater," said Pantagruel, "if they made bad wine taste good." The most that can now be done by the devout for the Decretals is "to palliate the guilt of their forger," whose name, like that of the Greek Macpherson, is unknown.

If the early Christian centuries, and the Middle Ages, were chiefly occupied with pious frauds, with forgeries of Gospels, Epistles, and Decretals, the impostors of the Renaissance were busy with classical imitations. After the Turks took Constantinople, when the learned Greeks were scattered all over southern Europe, when many genuine classical MSS. were recovered by the zeal of scholars, when the plays of Menander were seen once, and then lost forever, it was natural that literary forgery should thrive. As yet scholars were eager rather than critical; they were collecting and unearthing, rather than minutely examining the remains of classic literature. They had found so much, and every year were finding so much more, that no discovery seemed impossible. The lost books of Livy and Cicero, the songs of Sappho, the perished plays of Sophocles and Æschylus might any day be brought to light. This was the very moment for the literary forger; but it is improbable that any forgery of the period has escaped detection. Three or four years ago some one published a book to show that the "Annals" of Tacitus were written by Poggio Bracciolini.

This paradox gained no more converts than the bolder hypothesis of Hardouin. The theory of Hardouin was that all the ancient classics were productions of a learned company which worked, in the thirteenth century, under Severus Archontius. Hardouin made some exception to his sweeping general theory. Cicero's writings were genuine, he admitted, so were Pliny's, of Virgil the Georgics; the satires and epistles of Horace, Herodotus, and Homer. All the rest of the classics were a magnificent forgery of the illiterate thirteenth century, which had scarce any Greek, and whose Latin, abundant in quantity, in quality left much to be desired.

Among literary forgers, or passers of false literary coin, at the time of the Renaissance, Annii is the most notorious. Annii (his real vernacular name was Nanni), was born at Viterbo, in 1432. He became a Dominican, and (after publishing his forged classics) rose to the position of *maître du palais* to the pope, Alexander Borgia. With Cæsar Borgia, it is said that Annii was never on good terms. He persisted in preaching "the sacred truth" to his Highness, and this (according to the detractors of Annii) was the only use he had for the sacred truth. There is a legend that Cæsar Borgia poisoned the preacher (1502), but people usually brought that charge against Cæsar when any one in any way connected with him happened to die. Annii wrote on the history and empire of the Turks, who took Constantinople in his time; but he is better remembered by his "Antiquitatum Variarum Volumina XVII. cum comment. Fr. Jo. Annii." These fragments of antiquity included, among many other desirable things, the historical writings of Fabius Pictor, the predecessor of Livy. One is surprised that Annii, when he had his hand in, did not publish choice extracts from the "Libri Lintei," the ancient Roman annals, written on linen, and preserved in the temple of Juno Moneta. Among the other discoveries of Annii were treatises by Berosus, Manetho, Cato, and poems by Archilochus. Opinion has been divided as to whether Annii was wholly a knave, or whether he was himself imposed upon. Or, again, whether he had some genuine fragments, and eked them out with his own inventions. It is observed that he did not dovetail the really genuine relics of Berosus and Manetho into the works attributed to them. This may be explained as the result of ignorance or of cunning; there can be no

certain inference. "Even the Dominicans," as Bayle says, admit that Annianus's discoveries are false, though they excuse them by averring that the pious man was the dupe of others. But a learned Lutheran has been found to defend the "Antiquitates" of the Dominican.

It is amusing to remember that the great and erudite Rabelais was taken in by some pseudo-classical fragments. The joker of jokes was hoaxed. He published, says Mr. Besant, "a couple of Latin forgeries, which he proudly called 'Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis,' consisting of a pretended will and a contract." The name of the book is "Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis. Lucci Cuspicii Testamentum. Item contractus venditionis antiqui Romanorum temporibus initus. *Lugduni apud Gryphum* (pet. in 8°)." Pomponius Lætus and Jovianus Pontanus were apparently authors of the hoax.

Socrates said that he "would never lift up his hand against his father Parmenides." The fathers of the Church have not been so respectfully treated by literary forgers during the Renaissance. The "Flowers of Theology" of St. Bernard, which were to be a primrose path *ad gaudia Paradisi* (Strasburg, 1478), were really, it seems, the production of Jean de Garlande. Athanasius, his "Eleven Books concerning the Trinity," are attributed to Vigilius, a colonial bishop in northern Africa. Among false classics were two comic Latin fragments with which Muretus beguiled Scaliger. Meursius has suffered, posthumously, from the attribution to him of a very disreputable volume indeed. In 1583, a book on "Consolations," by Cicero, was published at Venice, containing the reflections with which Cicero consoled himself for the death of Tullia. It might as well have been attributed to Mrs. Blimber, and described as replete with the thoughts with which that lady supported herself under the affliction of never having seen Cicero or his Tusculan villa. The real author was Charles Sigonius, of Modena. Sigonius really did discover some Ciceronian fragments, and, if he was not the builder, at least he was the restorer of Tully's lofty theme. In 1693, François Nodot, conceiving the world had not already enough of Petronius Arbiter, published an edition, in which he added to the works of that lax though accomplished author. Nodot's story was that he had found a whole MS. of Petrarch, at Belgrade, and he published it with a translation of his own Latin into French. Still dissatisfied with the existing supply

of Petronius's humor was Marchena, a writer of Spanish books, who printed at Bâle a translation and edition of a new fragment. This fragment was very cleverly inserted in a presumed *lacuna*. In spite of the ironical style of the preface many scholars were taken in by this fragment, and their credulity led Marchena to find a new fragment (of Catullus this time) at Herculaneum. Eichstadt, a Jena professor, gravely announced that the same fragment existed in a MS. in the university library, and, under pretence of giving various readings, corrected Marchena's faults in prosody. Another sham Catullus, by Corradino, a Venetian, was published in 1738.

The most famous forgeries of the eighteenth century were those of Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland. Space (fortunately) does not permit a discussion of the Ossianic question. That fragments of Ossianic legend (if not of Ossianic poetry) survive in oral Gaelic traditions, seems certain. How much Macpherson knew of these, and how little he used them in the bombastic prose which Napoleon loved (and spelled "Ocean") it is next to impossible to discover. The case of Chatterton is too well known to need much more than mention. The most extraordinary poet for his years who ever lived, began with the forgery of a sham feudal pedigree for Mr. Bergum, a pewterer. Ireland started on his career in much the same way, unless Ireland's "Confessions" be themselves a fraud, based on what he knew about Chatterton. Once launched in his career, Chatterton drew endless stores of poetry from "Rowley's MS.," and the muniment chest in St. Mary Redcliffe's. Jacob Bryant believed in them and wrote an "Apology" for the credulous. Bryant, who believed in his own system of mythology, might have believed in anything. When Chatterton sent his "discoveries" to Walpole (himself somewhat of a mediæval imitator), Gray and Mason detected the imposture, and Walpole, his feelings as an antiquary injured, took no more notice of the boy. Chatterton's death was due to his precocity. Had his genius come to him later, it would have found him wiser, and better able to command the fatal demon of intellect, for which he had to find work, like Michael Scott in the legend.

The end of the eighteenth century, which had been puzzled or diverted by the Chatterton and Macpherson frauds, witnessed also the great and famous Shakespearian forgeries. We shall never

know the exact truth about the fabrication of the Shakespearian documents, and "Vortigern" and the other plays. We have, indeed, the confession of the culprit: *habemus confitentem reum*, but Mr. W. H. Ireland was a liar and a solicitor's clerk, so versatile and accomplished that we cannot always believe him, even when he is narrating the tale of his own iniquities. The temporary but wide and turbulent success of the Ireland forgeries suggests the disagreeable reflection that criticism and learning are (or, a hundred years ago were) worth very little as literary touchstones. A polished and learned society, a society devoted to Shakespeare and to the stage, was taken in by a boy of eighteen. Young Ireland not only palmed off his sham documents, most makeshift imitations of the antique, but even his ridiculous verse on the experts. James Boswell went down on his knees and thanked heaven for the sight of them, and feeling thirsty after these devotions, drank hot brandy and water. Dr. Parr was as readily gulled, and probably the experts, like Malone, who held aloof, were as much influenced by jealousy as by science. The whole story of young Ireland's forgeries is not only too long to be told here, but forms the topic of a novel ("The Talk of the Town") on which Mr. James Payn is at present engaged. The frauds are not likely in his hands to lose either their humor or their complicated interest of plot. To be brief, then, Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentleman extremely fond of old literature and old books. If we may trust the "Confessions" (1805) of his candid son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, a more harmless and confiding old person than Samuel never collected early English tracts. Living in his learned society, his son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, acquired not only a passion for black letters, but a desire to emulate Chatterton. His first step in guilt was the forgery of an autograph on an old pamphlet, with which he gratified Samuel Ireland. He also wrote a sham inscription on a modern bust of Cromwell, which he represented as an authentic antique. Finding that the critics were taken in, and attributed this new bust to the old sculptor Simon, Ireland conceived a very low and not unjustifiable opinion of critical tact. Critics would find merit in anything which seemed old enough. Ireland's next achievement was the forgery of some legal documents concerning Shakespeare. Just as the bad man who deceived the guileless Mr. Shapira, forged his Deuteronomy on the blank spaces of old syna-

gogue rolls, so young Ireland used the cut-off ends of old rent rolls. He next brought up quantities of old fly-leaves of books, and on this ancient paper he indited a sham confession of faith, which he attributed to Shakespeare. Being a strong "Evangelical," young Mr. Ireland gave a very Protestant complexion to this edifying document. And still the critics gaped and wondered and believed. Ireland's method was to write in an ink made by blending various liquids used in the marbling of paper for bookbinding. This stuff was supplied to him by a bookbinder's apprentice. When people asked questions as to whence all the new Shakespeare manuscripts came, he said they were presented to him by a gentleman who wished to remain anonymous. Finally, the impossibility of producing this gentleman was one of the causes of the detection of the fraud. According to himself, Ireland performed prodigies of acuteness. Once he had forged, at random, the name of a contemporary of Shakespeare. He was confronted with a genuine signature, which, of course, was quite different. He obtained leave to consult his "anonymous gentleman," rushed home, forged the name on the model of what had been shown to him, and returned with this signature as a new gift from his benefactor. That nameless friend had informed him that there were two persons of the same name, and that both signatures were genuine. Ireland's impudence went the length of introducing an ancestor of his own, with the same name as himself, among the companions of Shakespeare. If "Vortigern" had succeeded (and it was actually put on the stage with all possible pomp), Ireland meant to have produced a series of pseudo-Shakespearian plays from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth. When busy with "Vortigern," he was detected by a friend of his own age, who pounced on him while he was at work, as Lasus pounced on Onomacritus. The discoverer, however, consented to "stand in" with Ireland, and did not divulge his secret. At last, after the fiasco of "Vortigern," suspicion waxed so strong, and disagreeable inquiries for the anonymous benefactor were so numerous, that Ireland fled from his father's house. He confessed all, and, according to his own account, fell under the undying wrath of Samuel Ireland. Any reader of Ireland's confessions will be likely to sympathize with old Samuel as the dupe of his son. The whole story is told with a curious mixture of impudence and humor, and



with great plausibility. Young Ireland admits that his "desire for laughter" was almost irresistible, when people—learned, pompous, sagacious people—listened attentively to the papers. One feels half inclined to forgive the rogue for the sake of his youth, his cleverness, his humor. But the confessions are, not improbably, almost as apocryphal as the original documents. They were written for the sake of money, and it is impossible to say how far the same mercenary motive actuated Ireland in his forgeries. Dr. Ingleby, in his "Shakespeare Fabrications," takes a very rigid view of the conduct, not only of William, but of old Samuel Ireland. Sam, according to Dr. Ingleby, was a partner in the whole imposture, and the "Confession" was only one element in the scheme of fraud. Old Samuel was the Fagan of a band of young literary Dodgers. He "positively trained his whole family to trade in forgery," and as for Mr. W. H. Ireland, he was "the most accomplished liar that ever lived," which is certainly a distinction in its way. The point of the joke is that, after the whole conspiracy exploded, people were anxious to buy examples of the forgeries. Mr. W. H. Ireland was equal to the occasion. He actually forged his own, or (according to Dr. Ingleby) his father's forgeries, and, by thus increasing the supply, he deluged the market with sham shams, with imitations of imitations. If this accusation be correct, it is impossible not to admire the colossal impudence of Mr. W. H. Ireland. Dr. Ingleby, in the ardor of his honest indignation, pursues William into his private life, which, it appears, was far from exemplary. But literary criticism should be content with a man's works, his domestic life is matter, as Aristotle often says, "for a separate kind of investigation." Old Ritson used to say that "every literary impostor deserved hanging as much as a common thief." W. H. Ireland's merits were never recognized by the law.

How old Ritson would have punished "the old corrector," it is "better only guessing," as the wicked say, according to Clough, in regard to their own possible chastisement. The difficulty is to ascertain who the apocryphal old corrector really was. The story of his misdeeds was recently brought back to mind by the death, at an advanced age, of the learned Shakespearian, Mr. J. Payne Collier. Mr. Collier was, to put it mildly, the Shapira of the old corrector. He brought that artist's works before the public; but *why*?

how deceived or how influenced it is once more "better only guessing." Mr. Collier first brought to the public notice his singular copy of a folio Shakespeare (second edition) loaded with ancient manuscript emendations, in 1849. Mr. Collier's account of this book was simple and plausible. He chanced, one day, to be in the shop of Mr. Rudd, the bookseller, in Great Newport Street, when a parcel of second-hand volumes arrived from the country. When the parcel was opened, the heart of the bibliophile began to sing, for the packet contained two old folios, one of them an old folio Shakespeare of the second edition (1632). The volume (mark this) was "much cropped," greasy, and imperfect. Now the student of Mr. Hamilton's "inquiry" into the whole affair is already puzzled. In later days, Mr. Collier said that his folio had previously been in the possession of a Mr. Parry. On the other hand, Mr. Parry (then a very aged man) failed to recognize his folio in Mr. Collier's, for *his* copy was "cropped," whereas the leaves of Mr. Collier's example were *not* mutilated. Here, then ("Inquiry," pp. 12, 61), we have two descriptions of the outward aspect of Mr. Collier's dubious treasure. In one account it is "much cropped" by the book-binder's cruel shears; in the other, its uncut condition is contrasted with that of a copy which has been "cropped." In any case, Mr. Collier hoped, he says, to complete an imperfect folio he possessed, with leaves taken from the folio newly acquired for thirty shillings. But the volumes happened to have the same defects, and the healing process was impossible. Mr. Collier chanced to be going into the country, when in packing the folio he had bought of Rudd, he saw it was covered with manuscript corrections in an old hand. These he was inclined to attribute to one Thomas Perkins, whose name was written on the fly-leaf, and who might have been a connection of Richard Perkins, the actor (*flor.* 1633). The notes contained many various readings, and very numerous changes in punctuation. Some of these Mr. Collier published in his "Notes and Emendations" (1852), and in an edition of the "Plays." There was much discussion, much doubt, and the previous folio of the old corrector (who was presumed to have marked the book in the theatre during early performances) was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries. Then Mr. Collier presented the treasure to the Duke of Devonshire, who again lent it for examination to the British

Museum. Mr. Hamilton published in the *Times* (July, 1859) the results of his examination of the old corrector. It turned out that the old corrector was a modern myth. He had first made his corrections in pencil, and in a modern hand, and then he had copied them over in ink, and in a forged ancient hand. The same word sometimes recurred in both handwritings. The ink, which looked old, was really no English ink at all, not even Ireland's mixture. It seemed to be sepia, sometimes mixed with a little Indian ink. Mr. Hamilton made many other sad discoveries. He pointed out that Mr. Collier had published, from a Dulwich MS., a letter of Mrs. Alleyne's (the actor's wife), referring to Shakespeare as "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe." Now the Dulwich MS. was mutilated and blank in the very place where this interesting reference should have occurred. Such is a skeleton history of the old corrector, his works and ways. It is probable that — thanks to his assiduities — new Shakespearian documents will in future be received with extreme scepticism; and this is all the fruit, except acres of newspaper correspondence, which the world has derived from Mr. Collier's greasy and imperfect but unique "corrected folio."

The recency and (to a Shakespearian critic) the importance of these forgeries obscures the humble merit of Surtees, with his ballad of the "Slaying of Antony Featherstonhaugh," and of "Bartram's Dirge." Surtees left clever *lacunæ* in these songs, "collected from oral traditions," and furnished notes so learned that they took in Sir Walter Scott. There are moments when I half suspect "the Shirra himsel" (who forged so many extracts from "old plays") of having composed "Kinmont Willie." To compare old Scott of Satchell's account of Kinmont Willie with the ballad is to feel uncomfortable doubts. But this is a rank impiety. The last ballad forgery of much note was the set of sham Macedonian epics and popular songs (all about Alexander the Great, and other heroes) which a schoolmaster in the Rhodope imposed on M. Verkovich. The trick was not badly done, and the imitation of "ballad slang," was excellent. The "*Oera Linda* book," too, was successful enough to be translated into English. With this latest effort of the tenth muse, the crafty muse of literary forgery, we may leave a topic which could not be exhausted in a ponderous volume. We have not room even for the forged letters of Shelley, to which Mr.

Crowning, being taken in thereby, wrote a preface, nor for the forged letters of Mr. Ruskin, which hoaxed all the newspapers not long ago. Even as we write, the *Academy* has been gulled by a literary fraud in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Spectator* by an American imposition, forged poems. Impostures will not cease while dupes are found among critics.

A. LANG.

From La Nuova Antologia.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

BY PROF. VILLARI.

SOME years ago Mr. Symonds published three volumes upon our Renaissance, which treated of our political history, of the history of learning and of the fine arts. They were introduced to the Italian public in an appreciative article by Signor E. Masi, in the *Rassegna Settimanale*. The same author has now finished his monumental work with two more volumes, which give us the critical history of Italian literature during the Renaissance. Of these two we desire to give some idea, that a wish to study them may be awakened in Italian readers. An adequate idea of this history cannot be hoped for here. This would make it necessary to examine it part by part, chapter by chapter, discussing all the great authors whom it examines, and all the infinite questions which it suggests; for which there is neither the time nor space necessary. We must therefore content ourselves with a few observations.

First of all it must be remarked, that in these times it is not easy to find a foreigner possessed of Mr. Symonds's ability or knowledge, to treat suitably the subject which these two volumes discuss. He is not only a learned critic but a poet as well; he has an extensive knowledge of our language, and he admires our writers with the enthusiasm of an artist. His verses, most highly praised in England; his translation of the sonnets of Michael Angelo and Campanella, published in 1878; the various translations which he gives in these volumes from our older poets, — all sustain our opinion. He is furthermore acquainted, not only with ancient languages and letters, but with the modern as well. Therefore none of the more recent investigations, made in Italy or elsewhere regarding the history of our language and literature, have escaped him. If to all this we add a knowl-

edge of political history and of the fine arts, during the Renaissance, it will easily be understood what great value and originality must be accorded to his literary opinions.

Hence it is not surprising if Mr. Symonds has succeeded in writing a book extremely useful to the English, and useful also to Italians. The English, who for some time past, have greatly neglected the study of our literature, have now within their reach a means of learning the great researches, the many studies, recently made therein. Italians will perhaps find some subjects treated a little too much at length, some arguments which among ourselves are more known and familiar; but they will nevertheless find the works of our great writers examined and judged by a most competent foreign critic, one who has quite different antecedents, who makes to himself quite other ideals than our own. There are some works, some authors, too often neglected by our critics and historians. On reaching these a foreigner like Mr. Symonds naturally stops to direct attention to them. We sometimes become fixed in certain traditional prejudices, from which we have difficulty in entirely breaking free even after we begin to persuade ourselves that they are erroneous. It is extremely advisable then for us to listen to the voice of one who lives in a different world from ours, who had another intellectual education, and even whose national prejudices (and who is without these?) are different from our own.

The first two chapters discuss briefly the origin of the Italian language and its literature, dwelling principally upon the writers of the fourteenth century. Here the author shows himself to be familiar with the studies and researches of Ascoli, D'Ancona, Bartoli, Carducci, Caix, D'Ovidio, Monaci, and of all our best authorities. He cannot, however, devote sufficient space to this most extensive subject, for he is obliged to hurry on to the main argument of the book. In fact, he begins at the third chapter to speak of Italian literature in the fifteenth century, not being able to occupy himself with the learned men to whom he has already devoted an entire volume. He speaks instead at some length of the various works, which in this period of transition show the efforts made to re-establish the national language upon an honorable footing. Among the rest an exalted position is naturally given to L. B. Alberti. Mr. Symonds speaks of his life, works, and

character, and discusses very minutely the question as to the true authorship of the "Governo della Famiglia," which some ascribe to L. B. Alberti, others to Pandolfini. Prof. Virginio Cortese has recently written ably in favor of the latter, for which Symonds gives him much praise, without, however, being willing as yet to come to a definite conclusion.

An extremely curious book, of which our historians record little more than the name, is also very minutely examined in this chapter: "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*." It is a sort of odd allegorical romance, written at Treviso by the Dominican Francesco Colonna in 1467, in a Latinized Italian, interspersed from time to time with Greek and Hebrew words. It begins by describing the daybreak, in periods of this description: "Phoebo in quel hora manando, che la fronte di Mantua Lencothea candidava, fora gia dalle oceane unde, le volubile rote sospense non dimostrava. Ma sedulo cum gli suoi volucri caballi Pyroo primo et Eoo alquanto apparendo ad dipingere le lycophe quadrighe della figliola di vermigliante rose, velocissimo insequentila, non dimorava, ecc., ecc." Several times translated, printed with elegance, and illustrated with fine woodcuts, it was much read, but was then totally forgotten, until the Germans and English again gave it their attention. Without literary value, it is an important historical monument, illustrative of the strange mixture of ideas found in the century, and showing to what an extent, except in Tuscany, men of most ordinary learning had pretended to menace the very existence of the Italian language. In this book, says Mr. Symonds, is reflected as in a mirror one side of the first Renaissance. The same has been said in Germany. It would perhaps not be an inopportune moment for us to examine the question more minutely ourselves.

The fourth and fifth chapters contain an ample, minute, and faithful examination of the various forms of popular poetry in the fifteenth century and of the *sacre rappresentazione*. The author naturally avails himself of the works of our best writers, such as Carducci, Bartoli, Raina, D'Ancona, and others, who have made extensive and successful researches on this subject. He is among the first, however, to embody the result of such research in a history of literature.

The sixth and seventh chapters speak of Lorenzo de' Medici, Poliziano, Pulci, Boiardo, and their contemporaries. Here we not only find the ordinary knowledge

of the works of Raina, De Sanctis, Carducci, Zumbini, etc., but Symonds gives, even more than is his wont, his own critical and æsthetic examination of the authors, and indicates his long study of them. His observations in putting into relief the diverse poetic qualities of writers, the real nature of their style, and the true value of their works, are often very acute and new; never second-hand.

The eighth and ninth chapters treat of Ariosto, whose life is told and whose works are examined. The principal part is naturally devoted to the "Orlando Furioso." Mr. Symonds examines it at length, under all its aspects, and makes a series of just and subtle observations, animated by a true enthusiasm for the poetical faculty of the great Ferrarese. He declares him to be an incomparable painter, and shows, by many and well-selected examples, the inexhaustible wealth of his palette. "Ariosto," he says, "while he is obliged by his subject to treat the same situations—in duels, battles, storms, love-passages—never repeats himself. A fresh image has passed across the camera obscura of his brain, and has been copied in its salient features. . . . Externally a child's story-book, it is internally a mine of worldly wisdom; the product of a sane and vigorous intellect. . . . His knowledge of the actions, motives, passions, and characters of men is concrete. . . . Sometimes he condenses his philosophy of life in short essays that form prefaces to cantos, introducing us as through a shapely vestibule into the enchanted palace of his narrative. . . . The merit of these discourses does not consist in their profundity so much as in their truth" (vol. ii., pp. 17-23). These are not simply assertions of the critic, for he demonstrates them by examples, by citations, quoting the octaves of Ariosto.

The tenth chapter treats of the *novelle*, whose value, literary, social, and historical, is examined. The author never loses sight of the fact that the principal aim of his work is this: to arrive by an examination of Italian politics, arts, and literature at a true knowledge of the spirit and value of the Renaissance. The eleventh chapter discourses of the origin of our theatre, accounts for the few tragedies, the many comedies, written during that time, seeking for the reasons why we had no truly national theatre.

For the creation of a national drama, according to Symonds, three conditions are required which were accorded to Greece and to England, denied to Italy.

"First is a free and sympathetic public, not made up of courtiers and scholars, but of men of all classes,—a public, representative of the whole nation, with whom the playwright shall feel himself in close *rapprochement*. The second is a centre of social life, an Athens, a Paris, or a London, where the heart of the nation beats, and where its brain is ever active. The third is a perturbation of the race in some great effort, like the Persian war or the struggle of the Reformation, which unites the people in a common consciousness of heroism. . . . But in Italy there was no public, no metropolis, no agitation of the people in successful combat with antagonistic force. The educated classes were, indeed, conscious of intellectual unity; but they had no meeting-point in any city, where they might have developed the theatre upon the only principles then possible, the principles of erudition. And what was worse, there existed no enthusiasms, moral, religious, or political, from which a drama could arise" (vol. ii., pp. 112-114).

Here the author stops to speak of Italian corruption, and tries to show that the true sentiment of tragedy is denied to the Italian genius because it takes life too lightly, too superficially. It may be "pathetic, graceful, polished, elevated, touching, witty, humorous, reflective, radiant, inventive, fanciful—everything but stern, impassioned, tragic in the true heroic sense" (vol. ii., p. 114).

This question is too large to be fully examined here. We shall return after a little to the last observation, which the author repeats elsewhere. We permit ourselves only to remark that if the Italian genius were really by its own nature denied the dramatic talent, it does not seem to us that any other explanations are necessary to throw light upon the reasons why we have no national theatre. We do not know that it can be said that Italy had no great intellectual and national centre, no *meeting-point*. Rome and Florence were great centres. In Florence a literature was created which irradiated all the nation. There was one moment in which she seemed the intellectual centre of Italy and of Europe, a point of light which illuminated the world. If, as Mr. Symonds says, erudition was the only principle upon which the theatre could then have been founded in Italy, would not this be one of the reasons it did not at that time succeed in becoming national and spontaneous? But it is useless to discuss so important a question

when there is not space to treat it amply.

The twelfth and thirteenth chapters discourse of the pastoral and didactic poetry of many of the sixteenth-century writers, such as Casa, Castiglione, Bembo, and others, whom Mr. Symonds calls purists.

The fourteenth chapter sets forth at some length the history of our burlesque poetry, dwelling particularly upon Berni, whose comic genius, great spontaneity and mastery of language are placed in strong light. There is besides an ample essay on macaronic poetry and upon Folengo, whose value is determined and the nature of whose poetry is defined with precision. The best of all the chapters is perhaps that which follows, upon Pietro Aretino. Even after what has been written of him in France, after what among ourselves has been written by De Sanctis, it is a very great pleasure to read the spontaneous, vivacious, eloquent pages of Mr. Symonds. He describes the detestable and worthless character of this "condottiere of the pen," as he justly calls him. He relates his adventurous life, places him in the midst of the Italian society of that time, in the courts of foreign princes, and shows us how he was admired, flattered, courted, feared, and detested by all. He dwells upon the defects, the immorality of his works and their very great popularity. He explains these strange phenomena, showing how Aretino was in many respects in harmony with the society in which he lived, how he had a true, a great love of art, and left his own impress upon his style. The declared enemy of all pedantry, he wished to write as he spoke, and thus attained a singular spontaneity which contrasted with the Ciceronian imitations of many sixteenth-century writers, and which, united to a singular fecundity, was the cause of his great literary success, and gave him a never-to-be-forgotten place among the men of his time.

The sixteenth chapter, which is next to the last, and does not seem to us to be among the most successful, treats of the historians and philosophers. Here the author is confronted by a very serious difficulty. He had spoken at length of Guicciardini and Machiavelli, who have so important a place in sixteenth-century literature, as well as of many other historians, in his volume upon our political history. To be silent in regard to them now was not possible, neither was it possible to speak of them without repetition. Hence it was necessary to resort to the

expedient of completing what he had said of them in another place, and to dwell here, on the other hand, rather upon the philosophers of the Renaissance. In this way the chapter upon the historians and philosophers was composed, in which the author speaks at length of Pamponaccio, availing himself freely of the work of Prof. Fiorentino, also referring to Bruno, Campanella, and others. But, inasmuch as it is possible to find many connections between the historians and philosophers of the Renaissance, the historians should have had more ample treatment here; the philosophers forming, in any case, a family by themselves and having other antecedents. Besides which, thinkers like Campanella and Bruno bring us down to a later period of our history and literature. The work ends with a recapitulation of Mr. Symonds's ideas in regard to the Renaissance. It seems clear, from what we have already said, that if this history of literature is examined without regard to the preceding volumes of the entire work on the Renaissance, it leaves certain gaps. There is also some criticism to be made of the distribution of the material. The part which treats of the period of *origins*, and of the fourteenth century, is too short if the Renaissance is made to begin with the first dawn of our literature, and too long if it begins with the Latin works of Petrarch. Not to speak of the learned men of the fifteenth century is to suppress an essential link in the chain of facts which constitute this history. The giving of so small a place to the historians and statesmen is another defect; but if we consider that Mr. Symonds had already spoken of these last writers in his volume on our political history, and that he has devoted an entire volume to the learned men, then it will be seen that, reuniting the various parts of the work, nearly all gaps disappear.

It would seem as though the author, in proceeding with his work, had sometimes been obliged to alter his original design. Following it faithfully, he would have been constrained, in these two volumes, to speak only of the Italian literature which flourished after the Humanists, from 1453 to 1527. We have already seen in his volume on the "Fine Arts" the impossibility of his ignoring the older schools and artists. He was then obliged to begin with Giotto in order to reach Michael Angelo, because the various schools were so intimately linked together. Therefore it must be acknowledged that without giving an exact idea of the



fourteenth-century literature it would have been difficult to explain that of the sixteenth. Besides this, the many researches recently made in Italy in regard to the early centuries had given quite a new aspect to our literary history, and these researches were entirely unknown in England. Mr. Symonds was obliged, therefore, to take a retrospective survey. The material arrangement of the book, its external harmony, may have suffered therefrom; but on the other hand its practical value is increased. Mr. Symonds himself recognizes the difficulties he has there been obliged to encounter, and seeks to justify the course he has taken. In the period of *origins*, he says, Italian literature was formed; in that of the Humanists, a new element intervened; from the middle of the fifteenth century to 1530, we have the Golden Age of the Renaissance. These three periods are so intimately connected that it is impossible to appreciate the last without also examining its predecessors. This has induced him slightly to modify his original design. In our opinion he did well to stop at 1530, or a little later, excluding Tasso from what is strictly speaking the Renaissance. The desire to put this poet by the side of Ariosto, as if he belonged to the same school, or at least to the same literary period, has been the cause of many mistaken judgments. Ariosto lived entirely in the serene world of art, in the blessed contemplation of the beautiful, in the midst of the absolute religious indifference of the Renaissance. Tasso, on the contrary, lived when the Reformation, triumphant in Germany, was changing the face of the world, and obliging the Catholic Church to modify and correct itself, and to struggle against the advance of this menacing enemy. He would never have dared to speak of the pope as Ariosto had done, as so many of our writers of the Renaissance did. He was even tormented by persistent religious scruples, which operated not a little as sources of his madness. Such scruples could never have tormented Ariosto.

If we now look at these two volumes as a whole we can only repeat what we said at the outset. The author has a wide knowledge of his subject, and of all that which has been written upon it. He has appreciated that the Italian Renaissance, by virtue of the study of the Greeks and Romans, returned to reality, to nature, to truth, with an exquisite sentiment of the beautiful, above all of the beautiful in plastic art, and thus liberated the

human spirit from all mysticism, from every mediæval, scholastic abstraction, and opened the way to modern thought. Mr. Symonds, being at once critic and artist, has been able to demonstrate all this with much clearness. But here an objection presents itself, which we must consider in order to give a more complete idea of the work. Occupied at length in the study of what he calls the Golden Age of the Renaissance, even though from time to time he does glance at its sources and consequences, Mr. Symonds seems occasionally to forget that it is really but one period of Italian literature and art, and a necessary period also in the history of literature in Europe. The Renaissance seems to him, on the contrary, the complete manifestation of all the characteristics and defects of the Italian mind and character. All that which Italians are, or are capable of becoming, is found in that literature, hence its historical importance. The Italians were never themselves, until they were brought into contact with antiquity. This made the renaissance of the classics a national, a patriotic, a dramatic movement. In other countries it would merely have had an antiquarian interest (ii. 505).

Doubtless no one could better accomplish this work than the Italians, and this for the reasons adduced by Mr. Symonds. But the return to the classics was not only a national necessity, it was also a fact, a necessity of the human mind, which by this means alone could issue from mediævalism, and on this account it was called Humanism. If the Italians had not then been at the front, it is certain that the English, Germans, or French must have followed the same road. This alone explains how the movement, initiated by us, spread so rapidly throughout Europe, and explains also how Humanism, having outlived the fifteenth century, persists even to-day in being a substantial element in the culture and education of modern peoples. Symonds says that Italian literature contents itself with beauty of form and finish in execution; that it is incapable of all mysticism, of all romanticism, of all sense of the infinite; that it only seeks sensible beauty. This, he says, the Italians did in an unexcelled, incomparable manner; but the limits of this art are the limits of their mind. "The *rappresentazione* eliminate all elements of mystery and magic from the fables, and reduce them to bare prose. The core of the myth or tale is rarely reached; the depths of character are never penetrated.

... In the hands of these Italian playwrights the most pregnant story of the Orient or North assumes the thin, slight character of ordinary life. Its richness disappeared. Its beauty evanesced. Nothing remained but the dry bones of a *novella*. . . . Which might be used to prove, if further proof were needed, that the Italian imagination is not in the highest sense romantic or fantastic, not far-reaching, by symbol or by vision into the depths of nature human and impersonal. The sense of infinity which gives value to northern works of fancy, is unknown in Italy. . . . The very devil becomes a definite and oftentimes prosaic personage. External nature is credited with no inner spirit. . . . The Latin *Camænæ* have neither in ancient nor in modern years evoked the forms of mythic fable from that landscape. This peculiarity of the Italian genius made their architects incapable of understanding Gothic (vol i. 343-5).

We do not deny that there may be much truth in all this, when it is a question of defining the conditions of the Italian mind in the second half of the fifteenth century and the first decades of the sixteenth. But we doubt whether the author be equally correct when he attempts to generalize and say that within these limits are enclosed all the forms of intellectual activity, all the moral capacities, of the Italian mind. We do not wish here to discuss a theory initiated in Germany and founded there upon a special conceit as to what the ancient Romans were, upon a not altogether benevolent judgment of the defects and faults of the modern Italian. Pausing for the moment at the Renaissance, we shall only remark that at its entrance and exit we find two great, colossal figures, which are the most complete personification, the broadest manifestation, of the Italian mind, — Dante and Michael Angelo. Giving a positive value to this theory, these would be quite inexplicable, because in their works are found united all that Mr. Symonds says is substantially lacking in the Italian. To Dante and Michael Angelo, no one, and least of all Mr. Symonds, can deny a sense of the infinite, the tragic, the dramatic power, a profound consciousness of the seriousness of life, neither that which he calls fantastic and romantic. Nor does it avail to say that they are exceptions. Great men are exceptions only inasmuch as they rise superior to their fellow-countrymen among whom they are born; but they represent them, personify them, and, bet-

ter than all else, they reveal their character and mind. One might as well say that Homer was an exception in Greece, Shakespeare in England. From Mr. Symonds's book itself it appears that the whole history of Italian art is one continuous work, which prepares the inevitable, the unavoidable coming of Michael Angelo.

In fact, the Italians of the Renaissance freed us from the fantastic and mystical uncertainties and confusions of the Middle Ages, asking their contemporaries to recognize the sanctity of nature, the importance of the real, to turn their gaze from heaven to earth; and it is certain that while they were intent upon the earth they could not contemplate heaven. But this does not prove them blind to that light, much less does it prove that the Italian people was incapable of ever contemplating it. After they had examined and studied nature, then alone was it possible to turn anew to another ideal, to express the sentiment of the infinite, the conflicts of the drama and of tragedy, without again falling into fantastic uncertainties, into scholastic confusions. It is very true that the Italians of the Renaissance could not, for a thousand reasons which there is not place here to discuss, form a national drama. But it is doubtful if Chaucer, Shakespeare, the English drama and literature, would ever have been what they were without the work which, from Boccaccio down, was initiated and carried out by the Italians.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Symonds, in his conclusion, recognizes the Renaissance as a necessary preparation for the historical period of the Reformation. And he adds that a people which had done all that the Italians then did, would certainly, when left to itself, have known how to rise out of the moral corruption into which it had fallen, and arouse itself with its literature to the contemplation of higher ideals, to a more serious conception of life. But it was not left to itself. Europe fell upon it and oppressed it at the most critical moment. In that we can fully agree with Mr. Symonds. Only it seems to us that his premises do not always lead to a similar conclusion.

If he had always borne in mind what he says in some parts of his conclusion, and if he had shown himself constantly convinced that, as the painting and sculpture of the fifteenth century were a necessary preparation for Raphael and Michael Angelo, so the literature of the Renaissance was a preparation for a still more

modern form, perhaps he would have been less severe upon some of those, without whom the concrete, determined, and practical expressions of still more elevated sentiments would have been impossible, or at least very much more difficult, to modern peoples; and when these sentiments appear in Italian art and literature itself, he would have paused to examine them a little further. We may, if we choose, deplore the want of a greater moral elevation, a more profound analysis of character in Ariosto; but it should never be lost from view that his mission was to render concrete, real, and truly human the fantastic world of chivalrous poetry. In this he succeeded wonderfully well; and to have succeeded with such great power of imagination, with such great variety of form and richness of coloring, is his glory. If, then, he had chosen to turn his attention in other directions (as indeed he sometimes did in satire), perhaps he could not have succeeded so well in his design.

When our *novelieri* describe to us crimes, obscenities, cruelties of every kind, it is reasonable to see therein a mirror which reflects a corrupt society. But it is also necessary to remember, with the same emphasis, that we are dealing with literary works whose object it is to describe society, the world, and nature under all their aspects. To say, as Mr. Symonds does in speaking of Lasca: "Literature of this sort might have amused Caligula and his gladiators" (vol. ii., p. 81), seems to us too strong. As it also seems too much to say that "an incapacity for understanding this immutable power of moral beauty was the main disease of Italy" (vol. ii., p. 192). If Italians had really reached such a point, as Burckhardt, with just protest, had already observed, their moral shipwreck would have been such as to render their recovery impossible, to make them incapable of ever accomplishing anything again. This was not the case. It does not seem to us just to say: "Even satires upon a degraded present, aspiration after a noble future, prophecies of resurrection from the tomb, were unknown upon the lips of the Renaissance poets. Art had become a thing of pleasure, sometimes infamous, too often nugatory. . . . It was the combined result of scholarship, which for a whole century had diverted the minds of men to the form and words of literature. All these circumstances, and many more of the same kind, were slowly and surely undermining the vigor of the Italian intellect" (vol. i., p. 404). In conclusion all

that the Italians did not then do, all the faults which they had, appear in Mr. Symonds's book too much as a necessary consequence of the permanent character of the race, and too little as a necessary consequence of a historical period in which corruption was universal in Europe, and their returning to form in literature and art a requisite means of advance.

The effects of this point of view appear more clearly than elsewhere in the criticism which Mr. Symonds gives us of Machiavelli. He does not see that in the midst of the maxims of a political system which to-day we must pronounce immoral, Machiavelli made a continuous effort to improve the society in which he was born; that he had a constant aspiration not only toward the unity and independence of his country, but also toward social improvement, toward a revival of ancient virtue. Machiavelli was precisely one (and not the only one) of those who saw the abyss into which his country was falling, and sought means of resurrection from the tomb. But Mr. Symonds examines with accuracy all that which binds him to his times, and does not sufficiently pause to scrutinize that which places him above them. He sees in him the old, never the new man, who has so clear a conception of the modern society and state predicted by him. This has also been remarked by English critics.

We have ventured to make these observations as an expression of our opinion of a work which does great honor to the erudition and talent of its author, who may be satisfied, after many years of long, profound, and conscientious study, at having finally reached a conclusion worthy of all respect.

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From Temple Bar.

#### A HIGHLAND SHEALING.

WITH the Swiss *chalet* and the simple, idyllic life of the herdsmen on the higher Alps, we have long been made familiar. Many of us have been there. We have seen their picturesque little cottages; we have heard their alpenhorn sounding far above us at nightfall, and have known that they were then calling their cattle home. We have been told how they have one kind of call for their cows, and another kind of call for their sheep, and how by different modulations on their instruments they are able to carry on a considerable sort of converse with their brute-

folk. Our curiosity being further stimulated, we have come to learn that these herdsmen are a land community of a very ancient type, who live together most of the year in a village in the lower country under by-laws of their own making, administered by a headman of their own election; and that when the snow departs from the hills in summer, they migrate, as their ancestors had done for a thousand years, to the upland pastures, and remain there with their cattle for three or four months preparing Gruyère cheese for the English and other markets. The group of *chalets* is their summer village, and they migrate to it in festal array. The horses, cattle, and sheep go in procession, each decked with flowers and ribbons, and tingling with bells, and all guided by the constantly resounding alpenhorn, and every township cheers and follows them as they pass. Late in the afternoon they reach their happy grazing-ground, and there in pure and stimulating air, with the hills of God about them, and the sky of the south overhead, they lead for a season a life of natural freedom and joy—such as we dream to have been led in the old, old world, before care or convention had been invented.

All this seems to make up one of the most picturesque and charming phases of life which modern society can exhibit, and we hardly wonder that travellers should be so often smitten with it. Chateaubriand thinks it necessary to check their imprudence a little. Sing the *chalet*, says he, but do not live in it. The *chalet* may be taking to look at and to dream about, but it contains neither bed, nor board, nor chair, and the night is cold on the mountains, and the rain sometimes pours in torrents. Our present object, however, is neither to sing the *chalet* nor to disenchant its admirers, but to say that, while we know so much about the *chalets* of Switzerland, few probably are aware that we have within our own borders, here in Britain, an exact counterpart of the *chalet* and the *chalet* life, in the Highland shealing, and the latter is perhaps not the less picturesque and touching of the two. A shealing is a summer pasturage in the hill country—often many miles away from their regular home—to which a village of Highland tenants migrates, wives, children, and cattle, all together, for the months between seedtime and harvest, and where they prepare their butter and cheese for the winter. Strictly speaking, of course the word shealing, like the word *chalet*, denotes the booths

they live in; a shepherd's hut on the moor is still called a sheal (*i.e.*, a shelter) in the north of England; but the word is commonly used of huts and pasturage together, and it may be reasonably enough contended that this is justified by the termination *ing*, which means a meadow by a waterside. The shealing is always situated at some favored spot near water, at the head of a lake or along the banks of a stream. In former days shealings were common all over Scotland, and the hilly parts of England and Wales; but to see them to advantage now, one must go to the Island of Lewis. And the sight is worth the trip, because there you will find the people living, in this nineteenth century, when the seven lamps of architecture have been long blazing to the full, in little beehive cabins, such as the first of their ancestors who settled in Britain must have occupied. A Lewis shealing is a cluster of beehive huts like a Hottentot village, and it strikes one very curiously to find them inhabited by one's own flesh and blood. We seem to be back for the day in the childhood of the world. Men travel far to see a broken arch of some Roman aqueduct; they go in numbers in this very isle of Lewis to see the old circle of standing stones at Callernish; but few dream that the island contains an antiquity more interesting than either, and that you can see there a prehistoric British village with the people still living in it. William Black has made the world familiar with Lewis, or the Lews, as the island is called in Scotland, as if it were plural; and none of the readers of "The Princess of Thule" needs be told how to get there. "Hutcheson's boats" are still plying, if you care for the sea and a most charming sail through the Firth of Clyde, and up along the west coast to the lovely bay of Stornoway; or you may go in the three months of May, June, and July, from Aberdeen, by Wick and the Pentland Firth; or you may cross in an hour or two from Ullapool on the opposite coast of Ross. Once in Stornoway a two hours' drive will bring you to Uig, and in some cozy spot in any of the straths of Uig you may come upon a shealing such as we shall now describe.

You will observe on the face of the rising ground along a stream, a group of little conical boothis, which at first you scarcely distinguish from the ground beside them, for they are coated with turf, and the turf is green with longish grass. In fact, it is this grass that catches the

eye, for it seems a greener spot than the rest of the hill-face. As you draw nearer you perceive that it is a cluster of little houses, and that they are built of undressed stones, and rise in a gradually contracting circle till the apex is a little round hole that may be covered with a stone or left open, as may be convenient. They are exactly in the shape of a bell or a beehive; every succeeding layer of stones being so placed as to overlap the preceding one towards the inside. It is the architecture of the stone age, the most primitive style of masonry we know of, precisely that which was practised in the very ancient days when men had no metal tools. A small hole, three feet high and two wide, is left at the bottom for a door, through which the inhabitants creep on all fours. Entering, you find that, like the Swiss *chalet*, they contain no furniture. The bed — "the crouching-place," as they call it in their own Gaelic — is a little narrow hole built in the thickness of the wall. There is neither table nor chair, the only furnishing being a shelf for milk-dishes or cheese. The room is about six feet in diameter at the floor, and a little more than six feet in height in the middle. A grown-up person can scarcely stand upright in it. Sometimes all the little huts are joined on to one another, and intercommunicate inside by what we suppose must be called doors, and then the village may be said to be a single house of many little mansions, a kind of irregular mound with many minaret tops on it, and suites of holes in the interior where the several families burrow. But this is not common. For the most part every hut stands alone, and every room is a separate hut, or what is perhaps the most usual custom, every family has two huts, a living-room and a milk-room, and these are joined together and made to intercommunicate inside by a low doorway which, on account of the thickness of the two walls here joining, you creep through as you might creep through a drain.

The huts of the Highland shealing are not always built of stone. Even in the Lewis some of them are built of turf, and the bed is sometimes not a low recess in the walls, but a part of the floor covered with straw or heather. Sometimes the beehive huts are interspersed with oblong ones. It was so Pennant found them in the Island of Jura, and he gives us both a description of them and a drawing done by himself on the spot. He makes the following entry: —

Land on a bank covered with *sheelins*, the habitations of some peasants who tend the herds of milk cows. These formed a grotesque group. Some were oblong, many conic, and so low that entrance is forbidden without creeping through the little opening, which has no other door than a faggot of birch twigs placed there occasionally. They are constructed of branches of trees covered with sods; the furniture, a bed of heath placed on a bank of sod, two blankets and a rug, some dairy vessels; and above, certain pendant shelves made of basket work to hold the cheese, the produce of the summer. In one of the little conic huts I spied a little infant asleep under the protection of a faithful dog.

Now we must not suppose the people who live in these houses to be a degraded or even illiterate part of our population. Far from it. They are just the ordinary farmers of the country, the representatives of the old *douce gudemen* and *gude-wives* of Scotland, and they share in our moral civilization in a degree by no means beneath the average. If you visit them on a Sunday you will find them reading their Bibles, or the Gaelic translation of Bunyan, or of some of the old divinity of Scotland; and if you enter into conversation with them you will perceive that their faculties have been considerably exercised on many points of metaphysical and experimental theology. They know their Bible and their catechism in a way that will surprise the southron, for they are very close in their attendance at church, and the minister goes round the various farms once a year and catechises young and old publicly on what are called the fundamentals of the faith. This is their only culture, but it is an important one, and between it and the exercise of intelligence that is evoked in the ordinary pursuit of their daily calling, their minds have probably undergone a better development than most of the working classes of this country. Adam Smith had a very strong opinion that, taking him all in all, the ploughman was a much more intelligent man than the artisan of the towns. Of course he was not so quick or sharp in manner, because he lived more alone, but his business brought him for hours every day in contact with a much greater variety of things and ideas than any artisan's did, and he had to be always exerting some amount of thought and judgment. What ideas could you expect to find in a man who was engaged for eight or nine hours every day of his life in nothing but pointing pins? There is certainly some force in this opinion of Smith's, and let these Lewis crofters get



the benefit of it. Their winter houses are not a great advance upon their beehive habitations; they, too, are void of window and chimney, and are very low in the roof; the walls are made of turf, lined outside and inside with undressed stones, and as the roof does not overlap them, the water simply falls into them, and they are always damp. The beds are built in the thickness of the wall, and the byre is in the centre and is only cleaned out once a year. These "black houses"—as they are locally called to distinguish them from the stone and lime houses which an improving proprietor is gradually substituting for them—are poor enough dwelling-places in all conscience, yet their inhabitants may certainly compare favorably with any similar section of the community in all the essentials of civilization.

They are, like the Swiss herdsmen, a self-governing community. They live in a village together, and they hold all the pasture in common as joint tenants. Formerly their arable used to be held in common too, and cultivated on the *runrig* or common-fields system; but now every tenant has his own separate bit of land, and the only part of the old village farm which they still occupy jointly is the neighboring moorland and the distant shealing that is attached to it. For the management of their common affairs and the settlement of differences, and punishment of offenders, the tenants elect one of their number, the shrewdest and most respected of them, to be a kind of headman of the village, and to rule it under the name of constable, or sometimes of mayor or little mayor. He is always sworn in a regular way before a justice of the peace as a valuator, and his decisions in all cases of trespass or other damage are final. He convenes the tenants from time to time in open-air courts held on a knock or mound in front of his house, for the purpose of deliberating on common affairs, on the building of a dyke, or the repairing of a ditch, or the purchase of a bull; or for deciding upon some change in the old bylaws and customs of the community, or punishing some violation of them. These open-air courts, meeting on a little knock, are a very primitive institution. In early times in England all courts of justice or deliberation met in the open, on a little mound like this one, or at standing stones, or in a grove. And the reason for this was not that they could not build houses adequate for the purpose, for the practice continued *de rigueur* long after they were able to do so. They

had the idea that in the open air magic could have less power over the judges. That reason is expressly given in the old statutes of the Isle of Man, as the ground why the dempsters or judges were required to decide causes anywhere they chose, if only in the open air. It is a remnant of the old worship of the sun, for in those primitive courts the presiding magistrate not only sat in the open air, but sat with his face to the east. When Sir John Stanley ascended the throne of the Isle of Man in the fourteenth century, he asked what was the customary ceremonial at the annual assembly of the islanders on Tynwald Hill, on St. John the Baptist's Eve, and the instructions he received thus began:—

First you shall come thither in your royal array as a king ought to do, by the prerogatives of the Isle of Mann, and upon the Hill of Tynwald sitt in a chaire covered with a Royal Cloath and cushions, and *your visage unto the East*, and your sword before you holden with the point upwards.

We may fancy that in old times the president of this little village court in Lewis sat in the same way on his knock with his face to the east, and his sword or dirk held up before him. The dirk is of course now gone, but we gather that the custom of facing the east still remains. Mr. Carmichael, a local gentleman, to whose interesting communication, published in Mr. Skene's "Celtic Scotland," we are indebted for much of the foregoing information, gives a curious description of their method of voting. The two sides go to separate lobbies as it were; the ayes go sunwise to the south and the right of the chairman, the noes go sunwise to the north and his left. The chairman, therefore, has his left hand to the north and his right hand to the south, and consequently faces the east. The going sunwise is another circumstance connecting the practice with the primitive worship of the sun. The chairman yielded deference to the sun by facing his rising-place, the members by following his course. There was really something fine in the rationale of our forefathers' custom of holding their courts in the open air. The proceedings were to be conducted in the sight of God and man. The light of the sun was the very presence of the divinity they worshipped, and nothing that worked in darkness could enter there. The searching eye of day was to be upon everything, and to impress all minds, as by the sanction of an oath, with the characteristics that have been always dear to Englishmen,

with being straightforward, open, and aboveboard in all their ways, dispensing honest judgment, making just complaints, and bearing true witness. If the votes are equal in the Lewis court, then lots are resorted to; they are drawn three times, and the best of three carries the day; and if any obstinate fellow still holds out and refuses to accept the decision, he is greeted with cries of "goat tooth," and finds it his best policy to agree. Mr. Carmichael, who being long resident in the district knows the facts well, states that the deliberations at these village courts are very thorough and well conducted, that the tenantry speak well and often with great force and mastery over their native Gaelic, that they reason, and illustrate, and argue surprisingly, and that, though they sometimes use strong language, they usually listen patiently and respectfully, and are tolerant of anything but doggedness and pertinacity. Another interesting trait mentioned by him about these village communities is that in laying out their land for the year, they set apart a portion for the poor, which is called the poor man's acre. This is probably an archaic exhibition of humanity, with, however, the feeling it embodies still alive — the wonderful sympathy of the poor man for the poor.

Such are the people we have found dwelling in the primeval beehive huts. They had come to their summer quarters about the beginning of June, after they had sown their corn, and planted their potatoes, and cut their peats for their winter fuel, and they were to remain while the crops were growing, and things were slack at the home farm. The day of their migration is a red-letter day in the community. They call it "the trial," but it is as little of a trial as anything can be, and this phrase must have descended from a time when there was still danger in such an expedition, either from wild animals or other sources. Even as it is, the day is not without its pathetic and grave side, for the village sets out in a body; they bring their babes and their aged along with them; they leave house and standing corn behind. They may not now fear the spoiler, but there are many things to make them mingle a tear with the bustling joy of the day. Still, the ruling state is mirth and excitement. It is a natural and spontaneous festival. The families are all astir very early that morning, bringing their different herds together into one drove, packing up their dishes and their bedding. When everything is ready they

set out in a long and noisy procession. They do not ornament their cattle, like the Swiss peasants, but they arrange them carefully in order. The sheep go first, then the calves, then the older cattle, and the horses last. The men are laden with sticks, ropes, spades to repair their bothies, and the women with meal and milk-dishes, and they knit their stockings as they go. Barefooted, bareheaded boys and girls are running about, and colliers excited with importance fly hither and thither. And so they go on mile after mile over the moor, bleating, lowing, neighing, barking, singing, laughing, filling the heavens with an unceasing chorus of many-throated joy. Every one they meet pronounces a word, blessing the trial and commending it expressly to the Shepherd of Israel.

At length the grazing-ground is reached. Some little repairs are made in the huts, fires are lit, food is prepared. Every man then brings forward his stock of cattle and sheep, and they are counted by the constable and another teller as they pass into the enclosure. For the pasture is stinted, each tenant being only allowed to send a number of cattle proportioned to the share he pays of the rent. This process being over, the cattle are turned out to graze, and the people bid farewell to care for a season. They sit down to the shealing-feast, all the families together. It is simple enough, as regards good cheer, the main fare being a cheese which each of the housewives has been careful to keep for the occasion from her winter supply. We shall describe the festivity in Mr. Carmichael's own words:

The cheese is shared among neighbors and friends as they wish themselves and their cattle luck and prosperity. Every head is uncovered, every knee is bowed, as they dedicate themselves and their flocks to the care of Israel's Shepherd. In Barra, South Uist, and Benbecula, the Roman Catholic faith predominates, and the people there invoke the Trinity, St. Columba, the Golden-haired Virgin Shepherdess, the Mother of the Lamb without spot and blemish. In North Uist, Harris, and Lewis, the Protestant faith entirely prevails, and the people confine their invocation to

The Shepherd that keeps Israel,  
Who slumbereth not nor sleeps.

As the people sing their dedication psalm their voices resound from their shealings here literally in the wilderness, and as the music floats in the air and echoes among the rocks, hills, and glens, and is wafted over fresh water lakes and sea-lochs, the effect is very striking.

A better subject could not be desired

for a picture than the scene here described — the Highland township sitting at their shealing-feast on the green meadow sloping towards the lake or river, with their strange beehive houses behind them, their cattle and sheep browsing here and there, and the hills and richly clouded skies of Scotland around and over all.

At the shealing the people have of course a "good time." It is a great summer outing, and they are as happy as fine weather and long days, and the run of the hills and streams, can make them. The women milk the cows, and make cheese and spin wool, and the men used in former times to fish and hunt, and probably do so to some extent still, and then when the business of the day is over they are all ready for the song and the dance on the green. The national bagpipe has not been forgotten, and its strains, moving Highland blood so powerfully, still shed the soul of music over these upland valleys. It is not surprising that many of the best songs in the Gaelic language are written about the free, open, happy life at the summer shealing.

Another interesting feature must be mentioned, both for its own sake and for its analogy with a custom of the Swiss herdsman, which has attracted much attention. The herdsman's horn has been already alluded to, but he as often uses — what is historically, as we know, a refinement on the horn — a bagpipe or chanter, and plays his cattle home. The "*Ranz des Vaches*" — the herdsman's cattle-song — is almost the national air of Switzerland. At any rate no air touches the people more profoundly. Its effect on the mercenaries in the army of Napoleon was so great that it had to be prohibited, for as soon as the bagpipes struck up that air these Swiss troops were first suffused with joy as they recalled their native valleys, and then plunged into a deep melancholy as they thought they might never see those valleys again. It was like playing "*Lochaber No More*" to an old Highland regiment. Now this "*Ranz des Vaches*" is just the air that the herdsman plays to his cattle in calling them to the fold at night, and it has been termed the "*Cows' Marseillaise*." Every canton has its own *Ranz*, and they all celebrate the beauty of the mountains, the peace and delight of the chalets, their "dear cows," their "gentle, gentle flock," their Jeannettes listening to the nearer and nearer sound of the horn, and welcoming their approach. In some cases the words are directly addressed to the

cattle. Now whether the cattle-song is an institution of the Highland shealing still, we know not, but something like it once was. In the county of Caithness there are no shealings now, but at one time there were plenty, as we know from the number of place-names ending in *ery* or *ary* and *seler*. *Ary* is a corruption of *airidh*, the Gaelic word for shealing, and *seler* is the Norse word for the same thing. Every Norwegian farm to this day has a summer pasturage belonging to it many miles up the fjeld, and that pasturage is always called the *seater*. Caithness being half Norse, half Celtic, has both words in the terminations of its place-names, and wherever there is now an *ery* or a *seler* in that county there was at one time a shealing such as we have described above. Now in Caithness it was always the practice to sing to the cows at the shealing. Captain Henderson gives us an account of the shealings existing in Caithness in his time, about the beginning of this century, and says: —

There they passed a complete pastoral life, making butter and cheese and living on curds and cream, or a mixture of oatmeal and cream stirred together cold, seasoned with a glass of whiskey before and after meals, dancing on the green and singing Gaelic songs, to the music of which at milking-time, morning and evening, the cows listened with attention and pleasure.

There seems, however, to have been one, or perhaps more, particular airs which were chiefly employed on those occasions; for the same writer tells us that in the neighboring county of Sutherland, what the women sung to the cows at the shealing at milking-time was "a certain plaintive air (of which the cows seem very fond) similar to the "*Ran de Vache*" sung in Switzerland."

In olden times people always sung at their work, no matter very much what their work might be. English cobblers were famous for their catches; the ploughman, as Dr. Carr tells us in his "*Praise of Music*," used to "please himself and flatter his beast with whistlings and singings;" the harvest-field was always merry with the reaping-song, and generally with a piper; boatmen sung at the oar; on roadmaking days, the laborers were never without their piper, to put mettle in their pick and spade; and a "country song" and a "country dance" had some real meaning when in the week-days people still sung to their sowing and sung to their reaping, and when every village had its bagpiper for its Sunday dances on the

green. The milking-song of the Caithness and Sutherland dairy-maids would, therefore, in former days have found parallels in any part of Scotland or England, and perhaps the habit of piping the cattle into good humor may have given an edge of truth to the satirical scrap of old song preserved by Burns : —

There was a piper had a cow,  
And he had nought to gie her ;  
He took his pipes and played a tune,  
And bade the cow consider.  
The cow considered very well,  
And gave the piper a penny  
To play the same tune ower again,  
“Corn rigs are bonnie.”

The chalet and the chalet life are, therefore, no peculiarities of Switzerland, Swabia, or the Tyrol, where they have attracted most notice. They are natural to every thinly populated, mountainous country, and they only disappear when the wants of an increasing population push agriculture and sheep-farming beyond their old limits. The Norwegian *seater* of the present day is the exact counterpart of the Highland shealing, except that from the abundance of wood the houses are a great deal better. The elder Mr. Samuel Laing, who took a farm in Norway in order to understand the people and their institutions, thus describes the *seater* : —

This is a pasture or grass farm often at a distance of thirty or forty miles up the Fjelde, to which the whole of the cattle, and the dairy-maids with their sweethearts, are sent to junket and amuse themselves for three or four months of the summer. There are huts in these *seaters*, such as the French call *châlots*, whence our Highlanders apparently get the word shealings, and although only for temporary residence they are generally substantial buildings with every accommodation necessary for the dairy. The *seaters* are generally situated on the banks of some stream or lake in the Fjelde, and the people who reside there catch trout, gather molteberries, and make cheese and butter for the mistress, and I dare say have a pleasant life of it up in the Fjelde, all in the fine, still, summer evenings.

The same practice prevailed in Ireland long ago. Dr. Sullivan says : “When they had sown their corn they took their herds and flocks to the mountains and spent the summer there, returning in autumn to reap their corn and take up their residence in their sheltered winter residences.” They lived too in beehive huts, for indeed they had no other kind of house even in winter. “The houses of all classes,” says Sullivan, “were of wood, chiefly wattles and wickerwork enclosing

clay, and cylindrical in shape, with conical roofs thatched with rushes.” The beehive bothies of the shealing are just the ordinary Highland houses of the Middle Ages, and they have remained to this day simply because they are the houses that are most easily constructed out of the materials to be found on the spot. What has not come and gone since these were the common dwellings of the country? And now the shealing itself is about to go; it will disappear from the islands as it has disappeared from the mainland, and “the liting at the ewe-milking” will die away; and just as old men recollect best their earliest days, so this old institution seems most retentive at the last of its most primitive features. The beehive hut is not so pretty or picturesque as the Swiss cottage, but it is certainly stranger; the village organization of the Highland tenants is not less antique or interesting than the land community of Swiss peasants; and in one respect the shealing has a decided advantage, inasmuch as the whole village, men, women, and children together, go to the shealing, and home life becomes glorified with the natural enjoyments of the season, whereas the Swiss herdsmen have, under modern influences, ceased for the most part taking their wives and families with them to the chalets.

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From The Saturday Review.  
THOMAS HOOD.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we notice the issue of a new edition of the complete works of Hood by Messrs. Ward & Lock. It would require a long and most probably a dull dissertation to justify the thesis that Hood is, of all English men of letters, the most undervalued; and there certainly are facts which might be adduced on the other side. This is, unless we mistake, the third time that a complete edition of his works has appeared during the last twenty years; while of his verses, comic and serious, separate editions almost innumerable have been called for. This, it may be said, is conclusive against neglect; it is not quite so certain that it is conclusive against undervaluation. The grievance that we have against the British public as regards Hood is twofold. The general reader has persisted in regarding him as a person who was unmatchedly clever in writing such things as

And there I left my second leg  
And the Forty-Second Foot,

to the entire ignoring of a faculty of producing other than burlesque work, which was at its best inferior to that of very few of his contemporaries. The particular reader, if that phrase may be used, knows perfectly well that he had this faculty; but, apparently to revenge himself on him for his knack of pleasing the general reader, obstinately refuses to give him due credit therefor. Everybody knows, or ought to know, Thackeray's generous and whimsical outburst of wrath with Hood for writing buffoonery when he could write things so much better. It would perhaps be more reasonable to find fault with Hood's readers, who seem to a great extent either to have made up their minds that he was nothing but a buffoon, or else that, being one, he had no business to be anything better.

To show the injustice that is done to Hood as a man of letters, no better test can be resorted to than the appearance which he usually cuts in books of selections. There will be found, of course, the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," pieces which we are very far from wishing to undervalue in our turn, but which, from the literary point of view, must underlie the charge of being exaggerated, popular, and a little claptrappy. There may be one of the purely burlesque pieces, among which which it is certainly possible to select admirable examples of the kind. Perhaps there is an extract from "Miss Kilmansegg," an effort in the moral-satirical verse way of which it is difficult to speak too highly. Possibly, though not by any means certainly, the admirable "Eugene Aram" may appear. But the beautiful "Elm Tree," "The Haunted House," absolutely unsurpassed of its kind, the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," not unworthy of Keats himself, who inspired it, and of Lamb, who praised it, the numerous exquisite snatches which have the grace and melody of Moore, without his triviality and pinchbeck — where are they? Professed students of English literature know them, of course, but to the general public Hood is still the man who had an unmatched facility of making puns in verse, and a still more unmatched but somewhat perverse power of mixing up jest and earnest in the manner of "The Desert Born."

Here, at any rate, are all the pieces before us; serious and comic, prose and verse, ephemeral and lasting. It seems

to be admitted that, like most men who write for the press under the anonymous system, Hood did not a little work which is beyond the possibility of identification and recovery. But the fact that for the most part he was his own editor made him suffer less in this way than some other men, and, considering that he died still a young man, these eleven stout volumes of, for the most part, neither large nor loosely-spread print, represent a very great amount of work. We should not ourselves prefer to start an edition of Hood with the *olla podrida* called "Hood's Own," but that may be a matter of taste. Considering, however, that, not to mention a fair volume full of serious poetry, and "Tylney Hall," which is perhaps not a masterpiece, Hood has left a substantive work of excellent merit in the shape of "Up the Rhine," there could not be much difficulty in leading off. To our thinking, that admirable volume is, all things considered, far from being his least title to fame. The borrowing of the ground plan and some details from "Humphrey Clinker" is, of course, as unmistakable as it is avowed, but that matters very little. The execution is hardly inferior to Smollett's, except where actual satire of living persons is introduced; and lastly, in no book does Hood's extraordinary system of illustration fit in so happily with the text. To the present generation, we believe, these illustrations seem extravagant, which indeed they are, and are meant to be. But their remarkable appositeness to the text (we can hardly, by the way, forgive the person responsible for the present edition for cutting them out of "Up the Rhine" altogether, and printing them in "Hood's Own," where they have the remotest possible relevance), and the whimsicality of their adaptation to their legends, or of the adaptation of their legends to them (for it may be doubtful which, in Gavarni's phrase, "spoke" first to the author), distinguishes them from almost everything else of the kind. With the single exception, however, of "Up the Rhine" Hood's work may be admitted to be a thing of shreds and patches. There are probably quite five thousand pages in this edition, and when "Tylney Hall," "Up the Rhine," and the "Memorials," which do not fill three volumes of the eleven, are deducted, hardly anything is left that extends to more than a few pages. It is all journalism in a way, and yet it has nothing, or very little, of the ephemerality of journalism. For besides his inexhaustible



fertility in verbal wit, Hood had certain other characteristics which are very rare in the periodical jester. The most peculiar, perhaps, was that which has been noted just now in reference to "The Desert Born." Nineteen burlesque writers out of twenty, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, either keep up the burlesque tone throughout, or when they drop it fail completely. But the latter part of the ride of the new Mazeppa is perfectly serious poetry of a rather high order. A very sensitive person may perhaps say that there is something of profanation in putting the higher faculty, as it were, at the service of the lower; but it is certain that the result is to make Hood's burlesque work of enduring value. Another point about this work is that it is seldom merely personal or occasional, never by any chance spiteful, and very seldom conventional or clatrappy in its satire. Even his satirical "Odes and Addresses" are in the main good humored, while Liberal and Reformer as — in many social ways, if not exactly in matters political — he was, one misses altogether the note of silly, conventional class-detraction which, to give the most famous example, mars the work of Dickens. Hood was too good an artist, too thoroughly humane, to have ever indulged in such clumsy caricatures as the Barnacles or as Sir Leicester Dedlock.

There is, however, no need of these considerations, or of remembrance of his blameless, industrious, affectionate life and character, utterly free from the trumpy vanity and grizzling which frequently makes men of not a tithe of his power testify against gods and men for not exempting them from the necessity of drudgery. Hood's work can stand on its own bottom. It is not, of course, work to be taken in large doses. A whole volume of "Hood's Own" would be a dangerous prescription, and to read a dozen "Comic Annuals" or their contents "on end" would be a mistake. The major part of the works (at least as here arranged, for more justice might pretty certainly be done to them by a little more editing, of which presently) is readable, but readable at intervals only. We think, indeed, that some reviews here printed might have been omitted with advantage, for Hood was no critic, and indeed generally contents himself with a sort of *compte rendu*, a few words of amiable approval, and a pun or two. Nor is the public taste wrong in on the whole preferring the verse to the prose. There is something in metre which seems to lend itself to the style of

Hood's wit, while his undoubted poetical faculty made even his intentional doggerel not unpoetic. It would not do, of course, to read these verses over and over again at short intervals, because their "unexpectedness" is then lost. But after a few years, when the exact sequence has slipped the memory, how pleasant is it to read the lament "I'm not a single man," and the immortal "Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy," and the unlooked-for rescue of him who was picked up by the "Mary Ann" of Shields, and the "United Family," (perhaps one of the best of all) and the "Ballad of Sally Brown," which made Thackeray angry. And it is certainly not less pleasant because of the extremely unpretending nature of their wit. The wiseacres who have discovered that Thomas Ingoldsby was brutal, might possibly also discover that Thomas Hood was vulgar and trivial, and probably would do so. They could hardly pay their subject a greater compliment.

We must, however, conclude with a word of remonstrance mingled with our thanks to the publishers. They are certainly to be thanked for this re-issue in a more satisfactory shape than any former one of this wonderful collection of good fun and true literature. Let everybody who has not yet got Hood on his shelves go and buy it and exhaust the edition as soon as possible. And then let us have something like a "reasoned" edition, instead of the present, which we are constrained to say is very far from reasoned. No doubt the reduction to *ne varietur* form of such a heterogeneous mass of work as Hood did is anything but easy. But the plan of chronological arrangement which, after the example of the original edited by Mrs. Broderip, is the one here adopted, makes these volumes — since, though possessing elaborate "contents" they are destitute of a general index — something very nearly like a clewless labyrinth. Suppose any one wants to refresh his memory as to those only too unanimous sisters who discovered to their sorrow that

We cannot all have Frederick B.  
In our united family.

There is absolutely no way of doing it that we have discovered except to run eye and finger down the voluminous and promiscuous tables of contents of eleven stout volumes. But this is not all. Confusion is made worse confounded by the excerption and separate issue of the pieces once issued as "Hood's Own,"

and by the thrusting in of the "Memorials" at the beginning of the tenth volume without rhyme or reason. As general principles for the rearrangement of some future edition, we should suggest, first, the separation of verse and prose; secondly, the arrangement of the purely serious pieces by themselves; thirdly, the classification of the lighter pieces according to subject or general character first and to date only secondarily, though, of course, the date and the original place of publication deserve noting; and, lastly, the compilation of a really exhaustive index, by which each particular piece can be traced by a reader who does not happen to know the year of its appearance. With this last, even the present arrangement might stand, in default of a better; but without it the hapless reader is simply at sea. With these things, or some of these things done; with the "Memorials" transferred to their natural place at the beginning, and followed by the bulkier and more substantial works, and with an occasional editorial note, justice would be rendered to, as it is deserved by, a very remarkable and charming writer.

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From *Nature*.

#### THE GEOLOGY OF THE LIBYAN DESERT.

IN the winter of 1873-74 a scientific expedition under the leadership of Gerhard Rohlfs was despatched with aid from the late khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pacha, to explore the Libyan Desert, or north-eastern portion of the Sahara. The scientific results of this expedition are now being published in a series of separate volumes, of which the geology and palæontology will form two. The first of these lies before us, the second is as yet incomplete, and only one section, containing a description of the Eocene echinoidea, by P. de Loriol, has hitherto appeared. The first volume comprises the geological description of the country by Professor Zittel himself, an account of the fossil wood from the Nubian sandstone and from the well-known "fossil forest" near Cairo (Cretaceous), by Dr. A. Schenk; of the Miocene fauna of Egypt and the Libyan Desert, by Dr. Th. Fuchs; of the tertiary (upper Eocene or Oligocene) fossils from the western island in the lake of Birket-el-Qurûn (about fifty miles south-west of Cairo), by Prof. Karl Meyer-Eymar; of the foraminifera (the nummulites excluded) from the Eocene beds of the Libyan Des-

ert and Egypt, by Conrad Schwager; a monograph of the nummulites from the same areas, by the late Dr. Phil. de la Harpe; and a description of the Eocene corals, by Magister E. Pratz. These palæozoic descriptions are illustrated by thirty-six plates.

The remaining portions of the second volume will include an account of the Eocene mollusca, by Professor Meyer-Eymar; of the Cretaceous fauna, chiefly by Professor Zittel himself; and of a few other subjects. Among the contributors, besides those already enumerated, the names of Professor Beyrich, the Marquis de Saporta, Professor Haushofer, and Professor Zirkel are mentioned in the preface to the first volume.

An array of scientific names like the above, chosen from among the most eminent specialists of Germany, Switzerland, and France, proves that this is a work of more than ordinary geological importance. The principal author and editor, Professor Zittel, is both a good geologist and a good palæontologist, a much rarer combination than is usually supposed.

On the geological map in the first volume an area occupying rather more than 5° of latitude (25° to 30° N.) and above 8° of longitude (about 25° 30' to 33° 40' E.) is colored. This country includes the Nile valley from Cairo to Edfu (the geology of the valley itself is shown as far south as Assuan), and extends eastwards to the shores of the Red Sea, and westward far into the great desert tract of northern Africa. The whole area colored geologically may be roughly estimated at between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty thousand English square miles.

It will easily be understood that the mapping is of a very rough description, a geological sketch in fact, but in desert countries, owing to the want of vegetation to conceal the rocks, and to the clearness of the atmosphere, it is remarkable with what accuracy geological formations can be traced by the eye to great distances. A considerable proportion of the area is colored from the observations of other travellers, and especially of Schweinfurth. The routes of the expedition under Rohlfs and of other travellers are marked on the map, and show how much of the area has actually been examined.

Among the numerous points of interest presented by the volume it is difficult to select any one as superior to the others. In the former notice in *Nature* the general characters of the geological systems observed (Cretaceous, Eocene, Miocene, and

the so-called Quaternary and recent) were briefly described. To enter at any length into a notice of the palæontology would take too long. At the present time when the writings of F. von Richthofen and others have called especial attention to the subærial or Eolian formations of the latest geological times and the present day, the description of the surface phenomena presented by the desert tracts of the Sahara, coming from so keen an observer as Professor Zittel, are well worthy of attention, and a few remarks upon them may prove interesting.

The geological portion of the work is divided into two chapters: the first, containing forty-two pages, being devoted to the Sahara as a whole; the second to the geology of the Libyan Desert and Egypt. In both of these chapters considerable space is devoted to the superficial characters of the desert. The surface of the Sahara is divided by Professor Zittel, according to its characters, into four kinds: (1) Plateau-desert or Hammâda, occupying the largest portion of the area, a level, hard, stony surface in general, without noteworthy elevations or depressions, but passing locally into (2) mountainous desert. The so-called (3) erosian desert consists of depressions more or less occupied by salt-marsh. The last form of surface, the most remarkable and interesting of all, is the (4) sandy desert of Areg, composed of drift sand forming hills or downs (dunes).

Professor Zittel shows, on what appears to be an overwhelming amount of evidence, that the popular idea of the Sahara having been the basin of a sea in Pleistocene times is without foundation. The greater part of the area has apparently been above water ever since the Cretaceous epoch; a comparatively small tract in the north-eastern portion was submerged beneath a Tertiary sea, whilst the only part that can have been under water in post-Tertiary times consists of a tract extending from the Nile delta to the oasis of Ammon, and to the so-called "chotts" of Tunis, and even in this tract marine conditions in late geological times are doubtful. But Professor Zittel considers that the climate must have been damper, the rainfall heavier, and freshwater denudation more active in Pleistocene days than now, to account for the erosion that has taken place, the abundance of fulgurites, and the present distribution of the fauna and flora, especially in such cases as the occurrence of central African crocodiles in the marshes and streams of the completely isolated Ahag-

gar Mountains. Reasons are also given for believing that the Nile was formerly a larger river than it now is. It is probable that Professor Zittel's views on some of these points will be contested, but it is impossible to deny that his arguments are admirably expressed and clearly reasoned out.

Some very interesting details are given about the desert sand, and a careful description of its arrangement in the form of sandhills. The sand of the Sahara is considered to have been largely derived from the decomposition of the so-called Nubian sandstone, the original matrix of the well-known silicified wood. In the Libyan Desert there are some remarkable anomalies in the arrangement of the sandhills, and it is clear that they cannot have been entirely formed by accumulation through the agency of the prevailing wind as it exists at the present day. It may here be remarked that very similar observations were made, a few years since, upon the sand ridges of the Indian desert east of the Indus. Some of the sand ridges, both in Africa and India, attain an elevation of about five hundred feet, and in both areas the largest appear to have undergone no change within the memory of man, although in places, in both continents, moving tracts of sand occasionally overwhelm cultivated land and buildings.

One mistake in the book deserves notice. In the comparative table of upper Cretaceous and Eocene beds in Europe, Asia, north Africa, and North America the position assigned to some of the Tertiary stages of the Indian rocks requires correction. The lower Nari beds in especial were never supposed to be so old as middle Eocene (Parisian), and they are now known to be in all probability true Oligocene. But trifling mistakes of this kind are to be expected; it is surprising that more should not have been observed.

W. T. B.

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From The Saturday Review.  
THE PRINCESS ALICE.\*

THE grand duchess of Hesse will always be remembered in England as the princess Alice rather than by the higher title which she bore only for too short a time. She had many claims on our re-

\* *Alice, Grossherzogin von Hessen und bei Rhein, Prinzessin von Grossbritannien und Irland. Mittheilungen aus ihrem Leben und aus ihren Briefen. Verlag von Arnold Bergsträsser. Darmstadt: 1883.*

erent regard, and the affection felt for her by all classes of Englishmen was deep and will be enduring. In distant country villages, the wives and daughters of farm laborers, who never saw her face, and whose knowledge of politics is confined to the rumors that can be picked up on market days from those who are able to read the newspapers, speak of her with softened voices and in a tone similar to that in which believing Catholics speak of their saints, and it seems a truism to add that those who knew her best loved her most. From her earliest childhood she enjoyed the popularity which has been so ungrudgingly bestowed on all the children of the royal house; but after the death of the prince consort she was invested with a more tender and personal interest. She was with her father in his latest hours; she comforted and supported her mother in the first dark days of her great affliction. And when we were once more threatened by a great national calamity, the princess Alice watched by her brother's bed with more than the conscientiousness of a nurse, more than the gentleness of a sister, though she had then a husband and children of her own, and there were claims upon her which a less unselfish nature might well have thought a sufficient excuse for absenting herself from the sick-room. It is not strange that Englishmen should love her; that they should cling to the familiar name; that they should desire to know the whole story of her life. It is no mere vulgar curiosity as to the doings of courts that prompts the wish, but rather the affection which delights in dwelling on every particular connected with the life of one who was once dear and is now no more.

The memoirs, or rather memorials, which have just been published in German, and which will no doubt be made accessible to the English public, are therefore of the greatest interest. The editor had no easy task to perform, but he has executed it with the greatest tact and skill. The substance of the book consists of extracts from the letters which the princess wrote to her mother. These are introduced by a short sketch of her childhood and early youth, and about five pages of very interesting general remarks are added; a summary of the principal political and domestic events is prefixed to the letters of each year, and a few foot-notes explaining references to persons are given, as well as a copious index. All this is well done, though many readers may regret that the notes are not fuller.

But the real difficulty of the editor must have consisted in the choice of the extracts. The princess lived among persons who are still living, and who have their susceptibilities; her own life was deeply affected by the great political movements of the time, on which reticence is still necessary; there can be no doubt that she wrote fully upon subjects that are not yet ripe for general discussion. Public affairs exercised as important and direct an influence on her life as the marriage of the squire or the granting of a new lease does on that of a village girl. It would have been easy to omit them entirely; but in that case the picture of the princess would have grown quite dim and pale, for this was the element in which she lived and worked. It would have been easy, too, to have given the letters in full; but that might have made the grave we all honor the battlefield of contending sects and factions. The editor of the work before us has avoided these difficulties by dwelling almost exclusively on the private life of the princess, and touching on public events only in so far as they affected it.

The picture thus given of the princess as a woman is both vivid and attractive. We see her as a young wife cheerfully accepting the new and comparatively narrow circumstances in which her husband then lived, and endeavoring to make herself at home in them; we see the first happy years of her wedlock and motherhood, the joy of which seems only to have been overshadowed by the memory of her father's death and her mother's affliction; we see her becoming gradually acquainted with her new surroundings, and adopting, as every true wife must do, her husband's sphere as her own, without forgetting her old home, with all its sacred memories and affections; we see her, though only as from afar, taking her part in public life; we follow her into the nursery and the sick-room. And all this is brought before us, not in a cold or dry narrative, but, so to speak, dramatically, every sentence warm with the feeling of the moment.

It is a great thing to have done this. Every line of the sketch is fresh and life-like. It is true, too; but it is not the whole truth. Those who are best acquainted with the public life of the princess in Darmstadt, while they will read this book with the greatest interest, will feel its inadequacy most keenly. She possessed in a very high degree not only the pure and noble womanhood, but also the intellectual and moral qualities which

distinguish her mother and her elder sister, though she had neither the opportunity nor the desire of showing them on so large a stage. She could work silently and wait patiently. She was right in feeling that in 1870 there was hardly a poor peasant woman in all Germany who was not ready to make sacrifices as great as hers; but it would be wrong for others to forget that what she then did was not the result of momentary impulse. In 1866 she had seen how inadequate the care for the wounded was, and in the midst of peace she quietly set to work to remedy the evil. It was chiefly owing to her continuous exertions that Darmstadt was able to supply sixteen well-trained nurses when the hour of need came.

In other matters, too, she showed the same judgment and self-restraint. No one can feel a greater aversion than she did to what is commonly known as the emancipation of women and the absurdities of its advocates. But she saw that real evils existed, and set to work to remove them. She felt, like Swift, that the cause of many unhappy marriages was to be found in the fact that young ladies are more anxious "to make snares to catch their birds than cages to keep them in," and so, rather to the horror of advanced reformers, she insisted that it was more important that girls of small means should be taught to sew than to play on the piano. She preferred, too, even in the higher classes some ability to think and reason to a capacity for talking fluent nonsense in a foreign tongue. But she saw well enough that these things, though important, were not the root of the difficulty. Little more than a hundred years ago the flax that a German household needed was spun, the soap and candles it used were made, and the winter store of provisions was cured at home. Hence the demand for female work was great, and every housewife was glad to find assistance in her own relations or those of her husband. A woman was then worth considerably more than her board and lodging. Young men, too, in those days discovered that it was not well to be alone, even in pecuniary respects. They found single life dearer than they supposed married life would be. A great change has passed over the country since then. There are cheap lodgings and dining-rooms in every town, and shops in every village. The candles and soap

are doubtless better than they used to be, but the sisters and cousins find that their occupation is gone, and at the same time their chance of marriage is diminished. Princess Alice may not have traced the evil to its historical source, but this renders it only the more remarkable that she should have so clearly perceived the need both of educating women of small means to some practical knowledge of house-keeping and of providing employment for the unmarried. How great and successful her efforts were, how long her patience, how unflagging her interest, might form the subject of a story that is still untold, but would be well worth the telling.

Little is said in the volume before us of the intellectual life of the princess or of her influence on the thinkers and artists of her time; and thus an undue importance is, doubtless quite unintentionally, lent to her intercourse with David Strauss. To the uninformed reader it might almost seem as if these friendly relations to a great author were an isolated event in her life, whereas they only formed one of many similar incidents. She possessed a great, queenly tolerance; she delighted in attaining to new points of view; she was always ready to listen to new ideas, and not unfrequently suggested them. Her position forbade argument, as any strong expression of opinion on her part would, of course, have silenced any but a very intimate opponent; and this may have led some to suppose she accepted opinions which she only entertained for the moment. She possessed a very unusual talent for making the shy feel at ease and the silent speak, and she brought those who talked with her imperceptibly to the subjects on which she desired to hear their opinion. In a word, she was the centre of an intellectual circle in Darmstadt which will never forget her graciousness or her charm.

There were obvious reasons why such matters as these could not be included in the present memorials. Though incomplete, they afford a touching picture of the daughter, the sister, the wife, the mother. All that Englishmen loved most in the princess Alice is here, and no one can understand her without reading these letters. Yet the history of her public life still remains unwritten; and that, too, if in due time the fitting writer be forthcoming, will find and deserve many readers.

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From Nature.  
THE UPPER CURRENTS OF THE  
ATMOSPHERE.

ALL winds are caused directly by differences of atmospheric pressure, just in the same way that the flow of rivers is caused by differences of level; the motion of the air and that of the water being equally referable to gravitation. The wind blows from a region of higher towards a region of lower pressure, or from where there is a surplus to where there is a deficiency of air. Every isobaric map, showing the distribution of the mass of the atmosphere over any portion of the earth's surface, indicates a disturbance more or less considerable of atmospheric equilibrium, together with general movements of the atmosphere from regions of high pressure towards and in upon low-pressure areas. All observation shows, further, that the prevailing winds of any region at any season are merely the expression of the atmospheric movements which result from the disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere shown by the isobaric maps as prevailing at that season and over that region. All observation shows, in a manner equally clear and uniform, that the wind does not blow directly from the region of high towards that of low pressure, but that, in the northern hemisphere, the region of lowest pressure is to the left hand of the direction towards which the wind blows, and in the southern hemisphere to the right of it. This direction of the wind in respect of the distribution of the pressure is known as Buys Ballot's law of the winds, according to which the angle formed by a line drawn to the centre of lowest pressure from the observer's position, and a line drawn in the direction of the wind is not a right angle, but an angle of from  $60^{\circ}$  to  $80^{\circ}$ . This law absolutely holds good for all heights up to the greatest height in the atmosphere at which there are a sufficient number of stations for drawing the isobars for that height; and the proof from the whole field of observation is so uniform and complete that it cannot admit of any reasonable doubt that the same law holds good for all heights of the atmosphere.

In low latitudes, at great elevations, atmospheric pressure is greater than it is in higher latitudes at the same height, for the obvious reason that owing to the lower temperature of higher latitudes the air is more condensed in the lower strata, thus leaving a less pressure of air at great heights. It follows that the steepest

barometric gradients for the upper currents of the atmosphere will be formed during the coldest months of the year. At Bogota, 8,727 feet in height, where the temperature is nearly uniform throughout the year, the mean pressure for January and July are 22.048 and 22.058 inches. On the other hand, at Mount Washington, 6,285 feet high, where the January and July mean temperatures are  $6^{\circ}.4$  and  $48^{\circ}.2$ , the mean pressures for the same months are 23.392 and 23.875 inches. Similarly at Pike's Peak, 14,151 feet high, the mean temperatures are  $3^{\circ}.1$ , and  $39^{\circ}.7$ , and the mean pressures 17.493 and 18.069 inches; and since the sea-level pressures in the region of Pike's Peak are nearly 0.500 inch higher in January than in July, it follows that the lowering of the pressure on the top of Pike's Peak due to the lower temperature of January is upwards of 1.000 inch. From the greatly steeper barometric gradients thus formed for upper currents during the cold months of the year from equatorial to polar regions, these currents attain their maximum strength in winter and converge upon those regions of the earth where the mean temperature is lowest.

As is now well known, atmospheric pressure in summer is lowest in the central regions of the continents of Asia, Africa, and America; and highest in the Atlantic between Africa and the United States, and in the Pacific between the United States and Japan, the absolutely lowest being in Asia, where temperature is relatively highest with respect to the regions immediately surrounding, and absolutely lowest in the Atlantic, which is most completely surrounded with highly heated continental lands. Again, in winter the lowest atmospheric pressures are found in the north of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, where temperature is relatively highest, latitude for latitude; and the highest pressures towards the centres of the continents, some distance to southward of the regions where at this season abnormally low temperatures are lowest.

The causes which bring about an unequal distribution of the mass of the atmosphere are the temperature and the moisture considered with respect to the geographical distribution of land and water. Owing to the different relations of land and water to temperature the summer temperature of continents much exceeds that of the ocean in the same latitudes and hence results the abnormally high temperature of the interior of Asia, Africa, America, and Australia during their

respective summers, in consequence of which the air becoming specifically lighter ascends in enormous columns thousands of miles in diameter. Winds from the ocean set in all round to take the place of the air thus removed, raising the rainfall to the annual maximum, and still further diminishing the atmospheric pressure. On the other hand, since in winter the temperature of the continents and their atmosphere falls abnormally low, the air becomes more condensed in the lower strata, and pressure is thereby diminished in the upper regions over the continents. Upper currents set in all round upon the continents, and thus the sea-level pressures become still further increased. Hence the absolutely highest mean pressure occurring anywhere on the globe at any season, about 30.500 inches, occurs in Africa in the depth of winter.

Now observation conclusively proves that from the region of high pressure in the interior of Asia in winter, from the region of high pressure in the Atlantic in summer, and from all other regions of high pressure, the winds blow outwards in all directions; and that towards the region of low pressure in Asia in summer, towards the region of low pressure in the north of the Atlantic in winter, and towards all other regions of low pressure, whenever and wherever they occur, the winds blow in an in-moving spiral course.

Since enormous masses of air are in this way poured into the region where pressure is low without increasing that pressure, and enormous masses of air flow out of the region where pressure is high without diminishing that pressure, it is simply a necessary inference to conclude that the masses of air poured all round into the region of low normal pressure do not accumulate over that region, but must somehow escape away into other regions; and that the masses of air which flow outwards on all sides from the region of high normal pressure must have their places taken by fresh accessions of air poured in from above. Keeping in view the law of the barometric gradient as applicable to all heights of the atmosphere, it is evident that the ascending current from a low-pressure area, the air composing which is relatively warm and moist, will continue its ascent till a height is reached at which the pressure of the air of the current equals or just falls short of the pressure over the surrounding regions at that high level. On reaching this height, the air, being no longer buoyed up by a greater specific levity than that of

the surrounding air, ceases to ascend, and thereafter spreads itself horizontally as upper currents towards those regions which offer the least resistance to it. The overflow of the upper currents is thus in the direction of those regions where pressure at the time is least, and this again we have seen to be towards and over that region or those regions the air of which in the lower strata of the atmosphere is colder and dryer than that of surrounding regions.

The broad conclusion is this: the winds on the surface of the globe are indicated by the isobaric lines showing the distribution of the mass of the earth's atmosphere near the surface, the direction of the wind being from regions where pressure is high towards regions where pressure is low, in accordance with Buys Ballot's law. On the other hand, the low-pressure regions, such as the belt of calms in equatorial regions, the interior of Asia in summer, and the north of the Atlantic and Pacific in winter, with their ascending currents, and relatively higher pressure at great heights as compared with surrounding regions, point out the sources or fountains whence the upper currents flow. From these sources the upper currents spread themselves and flow towards and over those parts of the earth where pressure is relatively low. These directions are, speaking generally, from equatorial to polar regions; but more particularly towards and over those more restricted regions where in the lower strata of the atmosphere the air is colder and dryer than in neighboring regions, such as the Atlantic between the United States and Africa in summer, and central Asia in winter.

This view of the general movements of the upper currents of the atmosphere is in accordance with the observations which have been made in different parts of the globe on the motions of the cirrus cloud, and with observations of the directions in which ashes from volcanoes have been carried by these upper currents. In further corroboration of the same views, reference may be made to the researches made in recent years, particularly by Prof. Hildebrandsson and Clement Ley, into the upper currents of the atmosphere, based on observations of the movements of the cirrus cloud in their relation to the cyclones and anticyclones of north-western Europe.

An important bearing of cyclonic and anticyclonic areas on the distribution of temperature may be here referred to.

The temperature is abnormally raised on the east side of cyclonic areas and abnormally depressed on their west sides; but, on the other hand, temperature is abnormally raised on the west sides of anticyclonic areas, and depressed on their east sides — the directions being reversed in the southern hemisphere.\* Since the temperature is lower in the rear than in the front of a cyclone, it follows that, relatively to the sea-level pressures, pressure will be lower in the upper regions in the rear of a cyclone than in front of it, a result which the Ben Nevis observations strongly confirm. Hence relatively warmer and moister upper currents will flow backward over the colder and dryer air immediately in the rear of the centres of cyclones; and upper currents also presenting contrasts of temperature and vapor will overlap the outskirts of anticyclones. These considerations suggest how very diverse interpretations of the movements of the cirrus cloud in their relation to cyclones and anticyclones have originated, and may also indicate lines of research into some of the more striking optical scenic displays of the atmosphere.

\* See "Reviews of Weather Maps of the United States," *Nature*, vols. xxi., xxii., and xxiii.

From The Spectator.

#### THE TENNYSON PEERAGE.

It seems tolerably clear that, whatever may be the actual result, the poet-laureate has been assured of the wish of the crown to raise him to the dignity of a peerage. We conclude, therefore, that the prime minister, on whom must devolve the duty of making such a recommendation as this to the queen, entertains the view that the House of Lords should be a sort of reservoir of all the dignities of the nation, even without relation to any special fitness for the particular functions — the political functions — which are expected of its members. The late Mr. Bagehot used always to speak of the throne and the House of Lords as the ornamental and dignified parts of the Constitution, — those parts of the Constitution which most impress the imagination of the people, and give them a certain pride in the national unity and life in virtue of the external magnificence with which it moves. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone holds that the addition of any really great national figure to the House of Lords, — whether it hap-

pen to be one distinguished on the political side or not, — adds to the scenic impressiveness of the House of Lords, and to the respect felt by the nation for its collective influence. We are far from denying that there may be something to be said for that view. It is certain that a good deal of just national pride in the possession of such a poet as Mr. Tennyson is felt, and also that Mr. Tennyson has a keen feeling for the statelier aspects of constitutional liberty, and has given expression to that class of emotions in some of the finest verse of the last half-century. That he is one of our great national dignities, we should be the last to question. And yet we do question very greatly whether his accession to the peerage would add to the weight of the peerage, and, still more, whether it would not to some extent detract from the dignity which at present unquestionably attaches to his own name.

The truth is, that the dignity attaching to the name of a great poet, like the dignity attaching to the name of a great saint, has something spiritual about it, which does not seem to accord well with the kind of respect which the conferring of a peerage is capable of expressing. We do not in the least mean to assert that there is anything necessarily inconsistent between poetry and a title. There are several poets, including one great poet, who have been peers, and who have not been less esteemed as poets for their peerage. Lord Houghton's poetry and Lord Lytton's novels did not fall in public estimation because their authors accepted a seat in the House of Lords, but then both Lord Houghton and Lord Lytton were made peers chiefly on the strength of their political achievements and their social influence. Mr. Tennyson, if he is to be a peer, will become a peer solely because he has fired the imagination of the English people, and that is not the kind of distinction which seems to us to be at all naturally expressed by ranking him amongst the barons or viscounts of England. If Charles Lamb had been a man of ever so good a fortune, no one would have thought of making a peer of him on the strength of his wit, his humor, and the delightful vagaries of his lively fancy. There is something incommensurable between the literary qualities of such a man as "Elia" and a peerage; and the same remark applies, though probably in a less degree, to Tennyson himself. That the author of "In Memoriam" or "Break, break, break," should be made a peer

because he possesses the great poetic gifts needful to produce those marvelous productions, seems to us almost as incongruous as it would have been to confer a peerage on Charles Wesley for writing some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language, on Wordsworth for his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," on Keats for his "Hyperion," and on Shelley for his "Skylark" and his "Adonais." There was dignity in all these poets, and great dignity in Wordsworth, but not the kind of dignity that you could aptly express by summoning him to take his seat beside the Earl of Lonsdale on the benches of the House of Lords. So far as we know, this is the first case in which poetry has been thought the proper title-deed for a peerage. Doubtless, a baronetcy was given to Sir Walter Scott in some degree, we suppose, for his literary achievements; but even that was not given him till he had become a man of great social influence in Scotland, — a lawyer and sheriff of no small repute, — and till it was known that he attached at least as much importance to founding a family and getting together a landed estate, as he did to the literary achievements by which he had been enabled to compass these ends. Scott was already a magnate before he received the baronetcy, — it was because he was a magnate that the offer of the baronetcy seemed appropriate, not because he was a poet and a novelist. Our own view is that a peerage is an appropriate distinction only for those who, in some degree, already wield and deserve political influence, and not as a mark of popular reverence for any qualities, whatever they may be, which justly deserve reverence. Keble deserved reverence for the qualities which enabled him to write "The Christian Year," but no one would have felt it a natural and fitting way of expressing that reverence to have raised him to the House of Lords. No doubt, there are certain qualities of poetic imagination, the statelier qualities, we mean, which seem less out of keeping with a coronet than devotional poetry like Keble's, and we are far from denying that Mr. Tennyson displays them. Still, make what you can of the magnificence of his verse, and it is not a kind of magnificence which seems to be in sufficient harmony with worldly distinction, to admit of expressing your respect for it by conferring a great worldly distinction. Make out what case we may, a peerage conferred for poetic achievements alone will remain a "fancy peerage," which will seem not

only to sit uneasily on a great poet, but to fit awkwardly into the entourage of the House of Lords. The king of Prussia might almost as well have made Kant a Graf for writing the "Kritik of Pure Reason," as the queen confer a peerage on Mr. Tennyson for singing his elegy on the death of Arthur Hallam, and writing the noble series of poems called the "Idyls of the King." Whatever distinction the poet-laureate may confer on the House of Peers, we fear it must be an incongruous distinction, like a patch of rich Oriental workmanship let into the centre of a solid Brussels carpet, or the illumination of a mediæval missal embodied in the pages of Caldecott. That Tennyson would be a great ornament to the House of Lords, we are far from denying. But he will be an incongruous ornament, — such an ornament as a wreath of roses round the brow of the governor of the Bank of England, or a spiritual smile on the countenance of a London lord mayor.

From Nature.

#### THE JAVA DISASTER.

THE following letter from the Liverpool *Daily Post*, received from Capt. W. J. Watson, of the British ship "Charles Bal," contains a graphic and interesting account of the recent terrible volcanic outburst in Sunda Straits. Capt. W. J. Watson was himself an eye-witness of what he describes. His vessel was actually within the Straits, and not far from Krakatoa when that island had become an active volcano: —

"August 22, 15° 30' S., 105° E. — About 7 P.M. the sea suddenly assumed a milky-white appearance, beginning to the east of us, but soon spreading all round, and lasting till 8 P.M. There were some clouds (cumulus) in the sky, but many stars shone, and in the east to north-east a strong, white haze or silvery glare. This occurred again between 9 and 10 P.M., the clouds also appearing to be edged with a pinkish-colored light, the whole sky also seeming to have extra light in it, similar to when the aurora is showing faintly. On the 24th, in 9° 30' S., 105° E., we had a repetition of the above. On the night of the 25th, standing in for Java Head, the land was covered with thick, dark clouds and heavy lightning. On the 26th, about 9 A.M., passed Prince's Island, wind south-west, and some heavy rain; at noon, wind west-south-west, weather fine, the

island of Krakatoa to the north-east of us, but only a small portion of the north-east point, close to the water, showing; rest of the island covered with a dense black cloud. At 2.30 P.M., noticed some agitation about the Point of Krakatoa; clouds or something being propelled from the north-east point with great velocity. At 3.30 we heard above us and about the island a strange sound as of a mighty, crackling fire, or the-discharge of heavy artillery at second intervals of time. At 4.15 P.M., Krakatoa north half east, ten miles distant, observed a repetition of that noted at 2.30, only much more furious and alarming, the matter, whatever it was, being propelled with amazing velocity to the north-east. To us it looked like blinding rain, and had the appearance of a furious squall of ashen hue. At once shortened sail to topsails and foresail. At five the roaring noise continued and increased; wind moderate from south-south-west; darkness spread over the sky, and a hail of pumice-stone fell on us, many pieces being of considerable size and quite warm. Had to cover up the skylights to save the glass, while feet and head had to be protected with boots and south-westerners. About six o'clock the fall of larger stones ceased, but there continued a steady fall of a smaller kind, most blinding to the eyes, and covering the decks to three or four inches very speedily, while an intense blackness covered the sky and land and sea. Sailed on our course until we got what we thought was a sight of Fourth Point light; then brought ship to the wind, south-west, as we could not see any distance, and we know not what might be in the Straits, the night being a fearful one. The blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the incessant glare of varied kinds of lightning and the continued explosive roars of Krakatoa, made our situation a truly awful one. At 11 P.M., having stood off from the Java shore, wind strong from the south-west, the island, west-north-west, eleven miles distant, became more visible, chains of fire appearing to ascend and descend between the sky and it, while on the south-west end there seemed to be a continued roll of balls of white fire; the wind, though strong, was hot and choking, sulphureous, with a smell as of burning cinders, some of the pieces falling on us being like iron cinders, and the lead from a bottom of thirty fathoms came up quite warm. From midnight to 4 A.M. (27th) wind strong, but

very unsteady, between south-south-west and west-south-west, the same impenetrable darkness continuing, the roaring of Krakatoa less continuous, but more explosive in sound, the sky one second intense blackness and the next a blaze of fire, mastheads and yardarms studded with corposants and a peculiar pinky flame coming from clouds which seemed to touch the mastheads and yardarms. At 6 A.M., being able to make out the Java shore, set sail, passing Fourth Point light-house at 8; hoisted our signal letters, but got no answer. Passed Anjer at 8.30, name still hoisted, close enough in to make out the houses, but could see no movement of any kind; in fact, through the whole Straits we have not seen a single moving thing of any kind on sea or land. At 10.15 A.M., passed the Button Island one-half to three-quarters of a mile off; sea like glass round it, weather much finer-looking, and no ash or cinders falling; wind at south-east, light. At 11.15 there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Krakatoa, now over thirty miles distant. We saw a wave rush right on to the Button Island, apparently sweeping right over the south part, and rising half way up the north and east sides. This we saw repeated twice, but the helmsman says he saw it once before we looked. The same wave seemed also to run right on to the Java shore. At the same time the sky rapidly covered in; the wind came strong from south-west by south; by 11.30 we were inclosed in a darkness that might almost be felt, and at the same time commenced a downpour of mud, sand, and I know not what; ship going north-east by north, seven knots per hour under three lower topsails; put out the sidelights, placed two men on the look-out forward, while mate and second mate looked out on either quarter, and one man employed washing the mud off binnacle glass. We had seen two vessels to the north and north-west of us before the sky closed in, adding much to the anxiety of our position. At noon the darkness was so intense that we had to grope our way about the decks, and although speaking to each other on the poop, yet could not see each other. This horrible state and downpour of mud, etc., continued until 1.30, the roarings of the volcano and lightnings being something fearful. By 2 P.M. we could see some of the yards aloft, and the fall of mud ceased. By 5 P.M. the horizon showed out in the north and north-east, and we saw West Island bearing east and north, just visible. Up to mid-



night the sky hung dark and heavy, a little sand falling at times, the roaring of the volcano very distinct, although in sight of the North Watcher, and fully sixty-five or seventy miles off it. Such darkness and time of it in general few would conceive, and many, I dare say, would disbe-

lieve. The ship, from truck to water-line, is as if cemented; spars, sails, blocks, and ropes in a terrible mess; but, thank God, nobody hurt or ship damaged. On the other hand, how fares it with Anjer, Merak, and other little villages on the Java coast?"

A LEPER FARM IN CYPRUS. — A correspondent writes to the *St. James's Gazette*: "One warm afternoon in the spring of the present year, I determined to pay a visit to the leper farm, or hospital outside Nicosia. A walk of about a mile and a half from the city ramparts, across rough ground covered with the 'wire-plant,' brought me to the entrance to the hospital. (The wire-plant is supposed by some to be the same as that which composed our Saviour's crown of thorns. It covers thousands of acres of the uncultivated land in Cyprus, and is also found in Syria and Palestine. It grows about a foot high, and has thorns about an inch long on branching wiry stems. In the winter it is covered with small red berries.) The hospital consists of a range of one-storied buildings, with a quadrangle in the centre about fifty yards square. These buildings, like nearly all the present cottages in Cyprus, are composed of large flat sun-dried bricks made of mud and straw. Round and about the hospital were planted standard apricot, olive, and pomegranate trees; which give a rather picturesque appearance to an otherwise hideous-looking building. On my arrival at the gate I found that the doctor was absent; but I could see the mukhtar. The mukhtar is the principal man in every Cypriote village—a kind of mayor on a reduced scale. After a little while a very dirty man in baggy cotton trousers and shirt, with a blue cotton handkerchief tied round his head, appeared, riding on a wretched donkey: this was my mukhtar. He said he had just been to Nicosia to receive the government fortnightly allowance for the lepers; and that if I would take a seat I could see all the patients who were able to move, as they came up to receive their money. We sat down at a small table with a white cloth over it, placed on a raised stone step at the entrance to the quadrangle; and as the mukhtar called out each name the owner came up to receive his 2s. 4d., the fortnightly government allowance for each leper. I was prepared for a sickening sight, but the majority of those who came up to the table were not cases where this frightful disease had made very much progress. Perhaps the most painful one was that of a bright dark-eyed little girl of four or five, who came up with her mother to receive her allowance. To the unprofessional eye she appeared quite healthy; but I understood that, unfortunately, there was no doubt about her having the fatal taint. At the time of my visit there were fifty patients, thirty-three men and seventeen women: the entire number of

cases in the island; as I was given to understand that directly a case appeared anywhere the person was at once sent off to the leper farm. After leaving a little silver with the mukhtar to buy the lepers a few cigarettes (almost the sole enjoyment of these poor creatures), I went into the cottages to see some of the worst cases; but a description of these would be only suitable for the columns of a medical journal. None of the patients I saw at all realized my idea of the white leprosy which clave unto Gehazi."

THE JAY AND POETS. — The jay is a bird that the poets do not like. They refer with significant frequency to its "scream" and "screech;" Macaulay selects it (in deference to a tradition) as the confederate of the "carion kite" in insulting the eagle; Wordsworth, Thomson, Prior, seem to know no more of it than its name; while the rest—except Spenser and Gay, who appear to grudge its being "painted;" and Pope, who thinks it was a "merry songster"—do not seem to know even that. Yet the jay is emphatically a notable bird. It is one of the very few birds of beautiful plumage that are native to England, and yet it is also one of the most retiring. Its love-notes are curiously subdued and soft, as if it did not wish to be overheard, when nearly all other birds are absurdly demonstrative in courtship. They are singularly intelligent, even amongst such an intelligent family of birds, and teach themselves to imitate woodland sounds. Montague says that, during the nesting season, the male bird apparently amuses its mate by introducing into "its tender wooing the bleating of lambs, the mewing of cats, the cries of hawks, the hooting of owls, and even the neighing of horses;" while Yarrall heard one giving a poultry-yard entertainment, "imitating the calling of the fowls to feed, and all the noises of the fowls themselves, to perfection; while the barking and growling of the house-dog were imitated in a style that could not be distinguished from the original." Moreover, they are the brigands and tyrants of the coppice; for not only do they plunder nests, but they sometimes murder and eat the parents. In prose, therefore, and notably in natural history, the jay is as conspicuous in character and habits as it is in appearance. It has not, however, taken the fancy of the poets, who misrepresent it as an upstart and a forward one.

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